



Wreck of the Peter Iredale 1906



A Diane Collier
1033 SE Anchor Ave
Warrenton, OR 97146

Capt. Robert Gray Navigated Columbia River In Tiny Fur-Trading Ship 172 Years Ago

By LAWRENCE BARBER

Marine Editor, The Oregonian
Monday will be the 172nd anniversary of the discovery of the Columbia River by Capt. Robert Gray and his fur trading ship Columbia Rediviva.

May 10, 1964
May 11, 1792, must have been a comparatively quiet day at the Columbia River bar because Gray had little difficulty picking his way through treacherous sands at the entrance. Others for many years ahead of him had declared the breakers so forbidding they dared not come close, and others decided there was no river there, anyway.

For his daring seamanship and good fortune, Gray was able to lay a claim for the United States to a vast empire drained by the great river of the West that was cemented half a century later by a treaty with Great Britain. Had an English or Spanish adventurer, of whom there were several scouting the western coast in those days, been the first to enter the river and plant a flag on the banks, it is possible that a different flag now would be flying over the Oregon Country.

Find Made On Second Trip

Thirty-six-year-old Robert Gray made his discovery on his second voyage to the North Pacific coast. He had suspected there might be a river entering the ocean just south of the headland named Cape Disappointment by another adventurer, Capt. John Mears,

HEELED IN STORM, the Columbia is depicted in this sketch by Davidson, one of four originals purchased two years ago by Oregon Historical Society for \$2,000. This

is considered one of best sketches to show the rig of the Columbia Rediviva (it's full name) when under way. Vessel was 83 feet long, registered at "212 tons burden."

is considered one of best sketches to show the rig of the Columbia Rediviva (it's full name) when under way. Vessel was 83 feet long, registered at "212 tons burden."

profits into tea for Boston and more profits.

Born in Tiverton, R. I., Gray grew up in ships, served in the Revolutionary War against England, and shipped along the eastern seaboard until 1787 when he signed for his first voyage to the Pacific. He was placed in command of a small sloop, the Lady Washington, which accompanied the larger Columbia, under Capt. John Kendrick.

Ships Exchanged

After a tumultuous voyage to the Pacific and rather unprofitable trading along the northern coast, Kendrick and Gray exchanged vessels. Gray in the Columbia sailed for China, sold his cargo of pelts and purchased tea, then continued on around the world to Boston to be hailed a hero. He was the first American sea captain to circumnavigate the globe.

Gray's backers decided to gamble on another voyage. They gave him special instructions to claim any new territory he might discover.

In the spring of 1792, after wintering in Clayquot Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, Gray sailed south along the coast to the harbor which now carries his name, Grays Harbor, for brief trading with the Indians. He left there in the evening of May 10, turned south and arose the next morning to find a bright sun that cleared the air of haze early, revealing 20 miles of shining beaches and glistening breakers.

Channel Discovered

Just beyond Cape Disappointment, Gray and his lookout noted what appeared to be a channel between two sandbars on which the ocean swells broke. He had the ship's small boat lowered and sent Mate Owen Smith ahead to sound the depths. Smith found a channel ample for the Columbia and Gray followed him in

to smooth water. In his log book Gray wrote:

"When we were over the bar we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered. Many canoes came alongside. At 1 p.m. came to, with small bower (anchor) in ten fathoms, black and white sand. The entrance between the bars bore west-southwest, distance ten miles; the north side of the river a half mile distant from the ship; the south side of same 2½ miles distant; a village on the north side the river west by north, three-quarters of a mile. Vast numbers of natives came alongside; people (crew) employed pumping the salt water out of our water casks in order to fill with fresh, while the ship floated in. So ends."

River Navigated

A young mate, John Boit, took up the story, logging the ship's movement's farther up the river where it held close to the north shore. It anchored several days off the present site of Chinook, Wash., then moved up past Point Ellice and into the bay now known as Gray's Bay. It grounded there but soon was worked off and ventured no farther. A small boat drew found a better channel on the south side, where it still is.

Gray and his men remained in the river nine days, trading spikes and nails to the Indians for animal skins and salmon. They purchased four otter skins for a sheet of copper and some beaver skins for two spikes each. Indians told them there were 50 villages along the river.

Land Claimed For U.S.

Gray and his clerk, John Hoskins, landed at one place and planted some coins under a pine tree, claiming this as American soil.

With fresh water in their casks and fresh salmon in the galley, the Columbia left the river May 20, returned northward to trade, struck a rock and went to Nootka for repairs. There Gray confided to Capt. George Vancouver, the English explorer, his discovery of the great river. Vancouver made note of it on his charts, calling it Columbia, after Gray's ship.

Captain Slips From Sight

Gray delivered 3,000 otter pelts and 15,000 other skins in China, then went on around to Boston, to skip out of sight. He was believed to have died about 16 years later during a voyage to Charleston, S. C., and was buried at sea.

Gray left his name with the harbor and bay he discovered, the name of his ship with the river, and both have been adopted for many vessels since. One is a 137-foot replica of the Columbia which plies the pool in Disneyland. The Liberty ship Robert Gray was launched at Oregon shipyard in 1941 and was sunk in war on its first voyage. There is talk of giving Gray's name to the huge bridge being strung across the Columbia opposite Astoria, where Gray anchored the Columbia.



SHIP COLUMBIA, discoverer of great river 172 years ago Monday, was surrounded by Indian canoes when it lay off present site of Chinook, Wash., as depicted in painting by Fred Corzens, following a

sketch by George Davidson, a member of the crew. Inset — Capt. Robert Gray, from photograph in files of Oregon Historical Society.

Disneyland Copies Gray's Columbia

By ROBERTA BAUER
Special Writer, The Oregonian

Of all the famous American windjammers Walt Disney could have chosen to duplicate for his unique sailing ship project in Disneyland, he selected the "Columbia," a vessel notable in Pacific Northwest history.

This was the ship in which Capt. Robert Gray, May 11, 1792, crossed the bar of the legendary Great River of the West, which since has borne the "Columbia's" name. For more than two centuries ships from many nations had been touching on this coast hoping to find a great river or perhaps a passageway leading through to the Atlantic.

But the prize was withheld until Capt. Gray on the "Columbia," flying the United States flag, sailed 36 miles upstream from the bar—according to his ship's log—exploring and trading with the natives. This later helped the United States stake claim to the Oregon Country.

Youth Tells Story

John Bolt, a Boston lad of 16, who sailed as first officer of the "Columbia" has left this account of the voyage up the river.

"N. Lat. 46 degrees; W. Long. 122 degrees 47' This day saw an appearance of a spacious harbour abreast the Ship, haul'd wind for it, observ'd two sand bars making off, with a passage between them to a fine river. Out pinnace and sent her in ahead and followed with the Ship under short sail, carried in from 3 to 7 fm. and when over the bar had 10 fm. water, quite fresh.

"The River extended to the NE as far as the eye could reach, and water fit to drink as far down as the Bars at the entrance. We directed our course up this noble River in search of a Village. The beach was lin'd with Natives, who ran along shore following the Ship. So after, above 20 Canoes came off, and brought a good lot of Furs, and salmon, which last they sold two for a board Nail. The Furs we likewise bought cheap, for Copper and Cloth.

"They appear'd to view the Ship with the greatest astonishment and no doubt we was the first civilized people they had ever saw. We observ'd some of the same people we had

before seen at Gray's harbour, and perhaps that was a branch of this same River.

"At length we arriv'd opposite to a large village, situate on the North side of the River, about 5 leagues from the entrance. Came to in 10 fm. sand, about 1/4 miles from shore. The River at this place was about 4 miles over. We purchas'd 4 Otter Skins for a Sheet of Copper, Beaver Skins, 2 Spikes each, and other land furs, 1 Spike each."

This then was one of the reasons for Disney's choice of the "Columbia." The discovery of the Columbia River was one of the greatest achievements in American sea annals. Also, the "Columbia," with Robert Gray in command, was the first American sailing vessel to circle the globe. It set sail from Boston Harbor on September, 1787. By ship's log it travelled 41,899 miles in 34 months.

Ship Costs \$300,000

Robert Gray, the most important of the men in the discovery and exploration of the River of the West, once he had found the Columbia, soon dropped from public notice. It is not even known for certain when or how he died. But his old and battered sea chest can be seen in the Oregon State Historical Society Museum in Portland. And the Captain's landing on the banks of the river named for his ship is pictured in the state capitol mural at Salem.

The fullsize replica of the "Columbia" is a three-masted, full-rigged vessel built at a cost of \$300,000. It has an over all length of 137 feet, a 27 1/2 foot beam, and a mainmast stretching 72 feet above the main deck. It carries the same number of cannon (10) as did the original ship.

Rear Adm. Joseph Folger, USN retiree, supervised the construction of the ship. It was designed from plans, photographs and documents supplied by historical and governmental groups.

Being aboard this early American windjammer as it puts out on the reaches of the Frontierland river in Disneyland, is a refreshing experience for a Webfoot family.

Each voyage it carries up to 250 passengers and crew through a reproduction of wilderness terrain of the 1790's. As the passengers, predominantly



Where's the famed three-master "Columbia" now? At Disneyland, that's where. A full-scale replica of Capt. Robert Gray's vessel thrills modern youngsters on Disney's man-made river.

adults, board the colorful craft there is hearty, seagoing music on the soundtrack, giving the proper atmosphere for sailing and adventure. It shares the river with the Mark Twain river steamer, Indian war canoes, log rafts, and Mike Fink keelboats.

Columbia Story Unfolds

The story of the "Columbia" then unfolds. The raconteur describes its history and achievements; the exploration of the Northwest river, trade with the Indians, and wildlife. Indians are making camp, the moose, elk, deer twitch their ears and wiggle their tails. As one child remarked, "The're trying to be alive."

Rounding a bend, the little vessel is saluted by cannon from a stockade. The "Columbia" returns the salute, all hands plugging their ears. It slowly moves into the busy Frontierland landing.

It is a captivating bit of

adults, board the colorful craft there is hearty, seagoing music on the soundtrack, giving the proper atmosphere for sailing and adventure. It shares the river with the Mark Twain river steamer, Indian war canoes, log rafts, and Mike Fink keelboats.

capsule site history visually and actively demonstrated as the "Columbia" pushes through the river. Many a child and not a few adults will better remember this heroic ship and the part it played in American history and that of the Northwest because of this simulated voyage on the "Columbia."

Old Wreck Still Visible

By AIDA DAY

A-B Correspondent

WARRENTON (Special) — More than half a century has passed since the Peter Iredale was forced to bow to the will of the elements and was cast upon the shores of Clatsop Beach. Though constantly bombarded by ocean waves at high tide and often buffeted by gale-like winds, the rusty relic



The wreck of the Peter Iredale, which went aground on Clatsop Beach more than a half century ago, still stands for sightseers to see. Of the many ships that were cast on the beach, hers are the only visible remains. Half-buried in the sand, the Peter Iredale has been the subject of many photographs. Located on the beach about four miles

south of the south jetty, the wreck is accessible by county road. From Highway 101, turn off at the Ridge road in Warrenton and follow the highway signs to Fort Stevens park. The wreck is on the beach directly west of the park entrance. The above photo was taken the day the ship came ashore. (Photo courtesy of Marguerite Braley)

still proudly stands, it would seem almost in defiance of the elements that would destroy it completely.

The Peter Iredale, a four-masted British bark, was a steel sailing vessel, one of the few of its kind constructed between the era of wooden sailing ships and the more modern steam-propelled steel vessels. Fashioned of steel plates and iron frames, she weighed 2,075 tons and measured 278 feet from stern to stern.

She had seen but 15 years of service when she ran aground on Clatsop Spit the morning of October 25, 1906. In ballast and 28 days out from Salina Cruz, Mexico, the ship was bound for Portland to take on a cargo of wheat. The Iredale went ashore a few miles south of the Columbia river jetty. The Point Adams lifesaving crew and a detail of soldiers from Fort Stevens answered her distress signals. Moving their rescue equipment to the scene of the wreck, they removed the 20 men from the ship without casualty.

Master Reports

Captain H. Lawrence, master of the wrecked ship gave this report to the Astoria Daily Budget reporter who interviewed him that day on the beach:

"I picked up the Tillamook Light at 2 a.m. and immediately called all hands to set all sails, intending to stand off for the mouth of the Columbia and pick up a pilot by day. A heavy south-east wind blew and a strong current prevailed and before the vessel could be veered around, she was in the breakers and all efforts to keep her off were unavailing.

The first shock sent the miz-

zen top hamper overboard and when she struck again, parts of other masts snapped like pipe stems. It was a miracle that none of the crew was killed by the falling masts as the ship pounded in the surf. After the crew had escaped the danger of falling debris, all hands were summoned aft as the vessel ran up on the shelving sands with little violence. I told them to abandon ship. The Point Adams surf boat was soon alongside and took all hands quickly and safely ashore."

Salvage Hoped

Because the vessel's hull was hardly damaged from stranding, the ship's captain as well as observers had high hopes of salvage. However, salvage operations failed; and the ship, listing severely to starboard and half

buried in the sands, was finally abandoned.

Of the 100 or more ships of cargo size which have gone down off the north beaches, the Peter Iredale alone remains not totally claimed by the sands of Clatsop Beach. Even though the ship is down to her gunwales in the sand, her prow and bowsprit still point imploringly to the sky.

SURVIVOR: Peterson Is Last of Iredale's Crew

Surfman in Old Life Saving Unit Recalls Famous Ship Disasters

By MINNIE MARLEN

Astorian-Budget Correspondent
Gottfried F. Peterson, better known to his Lewis and Clark valley friends and neighbors as "G. F." Peterson, is the last member of the Point Adams life saving crew still living who was on duty at the wreck of the Peter Iredale October 25, 1906, and has a record of nine years and seven months of volunteer service in the now non-existing life saving service organization.

Today the twisted rusty hulk, all that remains of the once proud four-masted bark from Liverpool, England, is a famous land mark on the Clatsop beach where she came to a final resting place 42 years ago and where she is visited by thousands of tourists who come to the Clatsop beaches each year.

Peterson, surfman No. 4 of the crew, gives the following account of the service to the stricken ship and further details of other services performed by the Point Adams life saving crew in dangerous waters during his years of service. In keeping with the tradition of the historic motto of our coastal defense service "Always Ready."

Born in the town of Thumby, province of Schlegel, Holstein, Germany, April 13, 1871, Peterson now in his 76th year, came to America as an immigrant lad, not yet 19 years of age. Worked as Fisherman

He arrived in New York June 22, 1889, and eight days later landed in Astoria in which vicinity he has made his home ever since. He spent five years as a gillnet fisherman on the Columbia river and worked at other occupations before going into the life saving service.

Peterson filed for citizenship papers in Astoria in 1892 and was naturalized at Cathlamet, Wash., in 1898. In the fall of the same year he volunteered for duty in the life saving service in response to an advertisement by the government for volunteers.

He was assigned for duty December 5 at Peterson Point station, Westport, Wash., in Gray's Harbor, where he served for an approximate 15 months before being discharged for physical disability. Peterson names his fellow crew members at the Peterson Point station as follows: Charles Jacobson, keeper (the

head man of each crew at that time was known as keeper) as he had charge of the lights and was designated "keeper of the lights," later they were known as captains; Surfmen Peter Culver, Charles Gammal, Ora Copeland, Gilbert Deane, George W. McAfee and Richard Birch.

Re-enters Service

Peterson re-entered the service September 24, 1900, and was assigned to duty at the Point Adams station in Hammond where he continued to serve until discharged by his own request April 7, 1908.

During this time the most memorable event of his career as a member of the United States life saving service, the wrecking of the Peter Iredale, occurred in 1906. The crew members at this time included Oscar S. Wicklund, keeper; Robert Farley, surfman No. 1, and the others in rotation, Charles Pearson, Herman Johnson, G. F. Peterson, Bernhard C. Anderson, Lionel F. Goin, George Prescott and William Potter.

Potter was not on duty at the time of the wreck as he was ill in a Portland hospital. His substitute was the Peterson, called in for the emergency.

Stormy Night

The night of October 25, 1906, stormy but not of such severity as to cause undue alarm, however as was customary in any rough weather, the crew were alerted for possible emergencies and a patrolman was on the beach. At about 8 a. m. the patrolman, Robert Farley, spotted the Peter Iredale on the beach and as quickly as was possible got in touch with the Point Adams station by telephone from the old Point Adams light house high on the sand hills overlooking the wreck.

About an hour and a half later the life saving crew were at the wreck having made a quick dash overland through Fort Stevens, crossing sand dunes and marshes on the way with the life boat.

The boat, a McLeellan self bailing model, was hauled on a wagon drawn by a mule team borrowed from Charley Ford of Hammond for the trip. In order to avoid a possible miring in a short but treacherous bit of quicksand over which the road passed, the mules were hitched one ahead of the other, tandem style.

This spread the weight of the load and also put the lead mule on solid ground while the other

(Continued On Page 6)



The Peter Iredale as she looked before piling up on Clatsop beach on the stormy night of October 25, 1906. Today only a small portion of the vessel's hull is exposed by the shifting sands where it is the lower Columbia's most famous ship wreck.



All but one of these men helped save the Peter Iredale's crew when it piled up on Clatsop beach and all but one of them, G. F. Peterson, of Lewis and Clark district, is now dead. This picture was taken at the Point Adams station at about the time of the wreck. It includes, standing left to right, William Potter (ill in a hospital at the time of the disaster), George W. Prescott, Lionel F. Goin, Bernhard C. Anderson, and sitting, Gottfried F. Peterson, Charles Pearson, Oscar Wicklund, keeper, Robert (Bob) Farley and Herman Johnson. (Picture courtesy of Peterson)

Steamer Afire

150 Passengers Reach Shore Safely;
Sternwheeler Rated One of Fastest



ASTORIA, Nov. 20, 1887—The steamer Telephone, sweeping around Tongue Point on its run from Portland, caught fire to-night and burned to the water-line.

Its 150 passengers were got ashore safely.

The Telephone, fastest sternwheeler in the world, is now a burned-out hull, resting on the flats just above this town.

That was not the end of the Telephone. She was rebuilt and continued to rule the river and to stand off the challenge of the best boats that could be put against her.

By coincidence, the only one that ever had a chance to best the Telephone—but never quite did it—also at last burned near Astoria, beached at Young's Bay. That was the T. J. Potter, named for the late president of the Union Pacific Railroad, whose Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. was the big transportation power on the Columbia.

The Telephone was built in Portland in the winter of 1884-85 at a cost of \$48,750. Its first run from Portland to Astoria on March 1, 1885, was made, with 227 passengers, in 5 hours, 31 minutes. Two years later it set the down-river record of 4 hours, 34½ minutes.

Fastest Boats Got Trade

She lost nothing of her speed in being rebuilt and on Aug. 18, 1888, came up from Astoria to Portland, making 20 stops on the way, in 7 hours, 32 minutes. Its estimated running time, against the current, was 18½ miles an hour.

The T. J. Potter was launched on May 30, 1888, and interest was intense when it was announced she would have electric lights as well as more standard luxuries such as velvet carpets and red plush furniture.

The river was the only highway then and the best and fastest



boats got the trade. The OR&N took another step toward getting the trade: It cut the T. J. Potter's Portland-Astoria fare to 75 cents and charged only a dollar for the round trip. The Telephone charged \$1 and \$1.50. The Oregonian said "it is understood the Telephone is to be driven off the river."

She wasn't, though, and day after day the Telephone and the T. J. Potter raced up and down from landing to landing. Every trip was a contest, a thrilling event for the passengers, and the Telephone was champ.

After the railroad was extended to Astoria in 1898 the river boats slowly faded. The Telephone ended her days as a ferry on San Francisco Bay.

Tenasillahee Island

Tenasillahee Island in the Columbia river is composed of two Chinook jargon words, *tenas*, meaning small or little, and *illahe*, meaning land, hence, 'little land.' This island is low and marshy in places, which doubtless accounts for the Indian name. Maps prepared by Lewis and Clark show this and other islands nearby in the Columbia river marked simply as marshy islands. W. R. Broughton passed Tenasillahee Island October 25, 1792 and described it as a long, sandy, shallow spit.

Tillamook Head

The first white man of record to visit Tillamook Head, in Clatsop county, was William Clark, who spent the night of January 7-8, 1806 near the top. He gave the place the name Clarks Point of View. The Clatsop Indian name for Tillamook Head was Nah-su-u-su.

Vesper

Vesper is located in the Nehalem valley. It was once an official post office, but has not been for many years. It was named by William Johnston for the evening star. The name Vesper is generally applied to the planet Venus.

Wahania Creek

Origin of the name Wahania creek is the Indian name Newannah. Some claim the name comes from a member of the family of R. W. Morrison, whose name was Hannah, but this cannot be substantiated.

Smith Point

Smith Point is the western extremity of Astoria and is named for Samuel C. Smith who took up a donation land claim that included the point. The Indian name for this point was O-wa-pun-pun. Vancouver's expedition named it Point George, for George the III of England.

Plympton Creek

Plympton creek is at Westport. It was named for Silas B. Plympton who took up a land claim nearby in 1861.

'Alice'

In Pacific Wonderland

By Ted Stokes



Remains Of The Old French Sailing Vessel Are Still The 'Prey' Of Beachcombers

Restless waves and a howling wind off the Columbia River mouth beat against the 2,509-ton graceful French sailing ship *Alice*.

January 15, 1909: Captain Aubert was hoping to enter the Columbia River out there somewhere. It was early in the morning and jet black ahead.

The 24-man crew was busy handling gear and trimming sails. The vessel was being driven up the 28-mile-long North Shore peninsula and leaving the river mouth behind.

The three-masted ship had departed from the British Isles, via Hobart, Australia, about six months previous.

5:00 A.M.: Suddenly the vessel's keel struck sand amid the foaming surf. The crew felt the slight shift of the 14,000 barrels of cement on board.

From the shore a dog wandered over the sand dunes to a

point opposite the stranded French visitor. The dog's young master, Willie Taylor, heard the barking of his dog. The lad hastened to the scene, even though it was early in the morning. The dog, incidentally had come ashore from a shipwreck some two years before.

Young Willie spread the news of the ship arrival. The scene was a point about one mile north of Ocean Park. Through the raging southwest gale, Captain Conick and his crew from the Klipsan Lifesaving Station, placed the surf boat on the beach cart, hitched up the horses and headed for the diaster scene across soft sand. To make matters worse, the horses were balky.

Daybreak showed. The wreck was situated head-on to the beach, about 300-yards off-shore. There was a heavy starboard list. Her sails were in tatters. The waves swept her decks. Members of the crew were in the rigging. While the life-saving crew were hurrying to the scene, the foreigners launched their own boats and made a successful run through the surf to shore. No hands were lost.

A legend which still persists in the area even today is that the young French cabin boy took the ship's flag down and wrapped it securely around his waist.

When almost ashore in the small boat, the boy dove into the sea and let the waves carry him ashore. In order not to be sucked back seaward he clung to an embedded tree stump until he could run to higher ground.

January 16: Someone ashore suggested that the cement in barrels could be saved. This could be accomplished by running a high cable from one of the top masts, though tilting, to a bluff on shore. Then the barrels could be lifted from the hold and drawn to a storage point on shore.

January 18: Captain Aubert and some members of the life-saving station - the *Alice* now high and dry during low tide - went aboard. The deck was a tangled mass of gear.

The *Alice* was one of the largest sailing vessels under the Tricolor of France. She had come to the Columbia River with a cargo of cement (3,000 tons) and was to pick up lumber for the Orient.

The Lloyds of London agent in Astoria, E. M. Cherry, came over from Astoria to look at the derelict. The seas were now breaking over the superstructure and she was fast settling in the sands. He hinted that the *Alice* might be put up for sale. The crew stayed in local North Shore homes.

January 21: A board of survey was set up to decide on the future of the wreck. The board consisted of the Northwest French Consul, C. Henri Labbe; Capt. Touze, French bark Assinieres; and Capt. Lameller, French bark, Eugene Schneider. The two French sea captains were in the Columbia River with their ships.

They concluded, after a study of the situation, that in as much as the *Alice* was full of seawater and the main mast had a list of some 30 degrees, it was impossible to save the ship or cargo.

A news account of the time revealed that the cause of the wreck was a navigation error. Capt. Aubert had figured his position as being 60 miles off shore when the *Alice* grounded.

January 22: Lloyd's agent E.M. Cherry put a "Wreck Notice" in the local Astoria daily that the *Alice* and cargo were up for sale. The bark was fully insured by the London firm of Lloyd's.

It is reported that in 1930 the last remaining mast toppled into the sea. A southwest coast historian stated that at minus tides, even as late as 1964, part of the wrecked ship could be seen and visited. The rest of the ship has disappeared into the sand and secured by the 14,000 barrels of cement.

Visitors look for remnants even today.

The Ship That 'Walked'

By
Ted Stokes

A sailing ship once "walked" across the sand of Peacock Spit at the mouth of the Columbia River. The journey took over a year.

The four-masted schooner North Bend was called "the ship that walked" for this is what she did at the river entrance between January 5, 1928 and February 8, 1929.

This is the amazing sea adventure of a sailing vessel of 847 net tons that saved herself. She earned her freedom after resting on Peacock Spit for about 13 months.

The North Bend departed Brisbane, Australia, on October 10, 1927, with ballast to pick up a lumber cargo in Oregon. She sailed by No. 6 buoy at the Columbia River mouth just after midnight January 5. Capt. Theodore Hansen, the skipper, decided to sail into the dark harbor without a pilot.

There was some fog, a heavy sea and a driving south wind. Suddenly Capt. Hansen saw a tanker approaching and, though not required by the rules of the road, he gave way to the fast moving ship nearby. By doing this the North Bend lost the wind in her sails and became helpless. This windjammer dropped her anchor but it did not hold in the river bottom.

The North Bend drifted toward the Washington shore and stranded on Peacock Spit. It was 2:30 A.M.

Capt. Hansen ordered a distress fire-flare started on the poop deck. At 3 A.M. the steamer West Hixton, entering the river, reported to the Coast Guard at Cape Disappointment that a ship was afire on Peacock Spit.

The Peacock Spit site of the stranded North Bend was only a few hundred yards from the location where the U. S. Naval brig (sloop of war) Peacock went aground, July 18, 1941. This sandy spit was later called Peacock Spit. The Peacock, like the North Bend had no loss of life.

At daybreak the first on the scene was a Cape Disappointment rescue craft with Capt. A. Rimer in charge, then came a craft from Point Adams Life-saving station in Oregon, with Capt. O. S. Wicklund in command; following this the GG Cutter Snohomish from Astoria signaled the windjammer it would help. Finally the tug Arrow No. 3 plowed her way across the bar and got a hawser on the stranded vessel. Taking up the slack, the line snapped. On the second attempt the tug got the North Bend off the Spit. The sailing ship was moving into deep water, but a heavy sea struck her - snapping the hawser and tossing the schooner back into the sandy spit.

Coastguardsmen estimated that the windjammer was now buried in 6 feet of sand and within 75 feet of the line of dry drift logs, marking the extent of the mean high tide.

Not far away was the hulk of the tanker Rosecrans. She was an American tanker, 2,976 tons, which was wrecked on the nearby site with a loss of 33 lives on January 7, 1913.

The North Bend, valued at about \$100,000, with a crew of ten, was a comparatively new sailing ship. It drew about 10 feet of water. The ship was now so high up the sandy spit that salvage appeared almost impos-

sible; the crew was in no danger. Some of the crew went ashore.

The helpless sailing vessel, with a lumber capacity of about a million board feet, was free from the danger of breaking up. The crew members stood by for a few days until all effort of salvage was given up.

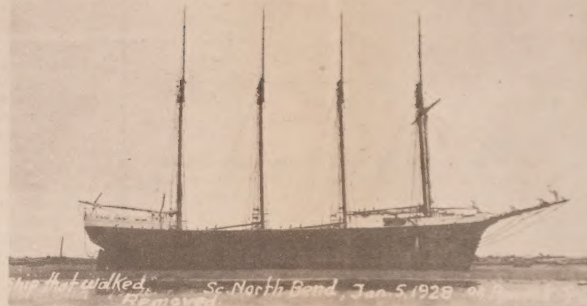
People from miles around came to see the helpless marine visitor. Khaki-clad soldiers from nearby Fort Canby visited the beach site. Fort Canby was part of the harbor defenses of the Columbia (1863-65 erected).

Spring, summer and fall came. Again it was winter with heavy seas. The North Bend braved the elements.

Then something happened! The Coast Guard lookouts on Cape Disappointment saw it too. Without human help, winter gales drove in seas to form a deep channel across Peacock Spit. The distance was about one-half mile. The position of the ship's hull aided the sands and sea in playing a freak of nature trick. The winds, too, cooperated.

A watery path, over 10 feet deep, cleared for the North Bend. The wind pushed the craft east to deep water leading into Baker Bay. The process of gradually easing herself forward, across the spit through a natural channel formed in the sand, took several weeks. There was nobody on board.

A soldier said from shore that she appeared to be



making almost a direct path toward the old derelict on Sand Island named the Great Republic. The Great Republic was an American sidewheel passenger steamer, 4,750 tons, which was stranded on Sand Island, April 19, 1879. The passengers got safely ashore but in the last full lifeboat to clean the wreck, eleven crew members were drowned.

According to a news report of the time, the North Bend reached the deep water on February 8, 1929, after about thirteen months on Peacock Spit.

The Coast Guard at Cape Disappointment reported the craft floating near the Fort Canby dock fronting Baker Bay. The tug Arrow No. 3 came over from Astoria and towed the North Bend to the Fort Canby dock.

On February 10, the windjammer, with little damage after a year ashore, was taken to Astoria for inspection and repair. Many in the lower Columbia tried to figure out how the wind and the waves got the ship over such a distance (one-half mile) with no help from any human.

An old timer in the lower Columbia at the time, a Mariner, remarked: "The use of sailing ships for carrying cargo was coming to an end . . . It is a mystery to seafaring men how the well-known North Bend worked its way across Peacock Spit with no help from anyone!"

This is still a mystery in 1970.

Wreck's identity proves elusive

Experts rule out link to famous steamship

By JOAN HERMAN
Of The Daily Astorian

Capt. George Flavel may have deliberately run a vessel aground, but that ship wasn't the source of mysterious wreckage resting on Washington's Copalis Beach.

Historians have been unable to identify the 74-foot, 10-inch wooden chunk that high tides and wind uncovered in late November at the mouth of the Copalis River. The beach, which belongs to the Washington state government, is roughly 50 miles north of the Columbia River mouth.

But historians are virtually certain it is not the steamer General Warren, as some observers initially speculated. That's like calling a Volkswagen a Cadillac, according to Greg Hagge, of the Interpretive Services division of the Washington Parks and Recreation Commission in Olympia.

Flavel, a prominent 19th century Astoria businessman and bar pilot, grounded the General Warren in 1852 on Clatsop Spit because the steamer was in danger of sinking on the Columbia River bar.

About two years later, a portion of the Warren's stern washed up near the Copalis River mouth. Ocean currents could have carried the remainder of the vessel that far, as well, Hagge said. Regardless, this wreck, which until recently was covered by sand, is definitely not the steamer General Warren.

"I THINK THERE'S no question about it not being the General Warren," said Larry Gilmore, curator of the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Several of the wreck's features, including its dimensions and materials, strongly suggest that it is not the General Warren, added Astorian Don Marshall, who has written two books on shipwrecks and is working on a third. For example, the wreck's nails appear to have been machine-made, which could only have happened long after the Warren was built before 1852, he said.

The question remains: "What is it?" Historians probably will never know the answer, the three men said, because so many vessels have wrecked along the coastline between northern Oregon and



AP photo

A 74-foot section of wreckage that came up on Copalis Beach, Wash., may keep local residents curious for a long time. Its

identification is nearly impossible, historians say.

southern Washington.

Probably the only way historians could conclusively identify the vessel, Gilmore said, would be to find its nameplate. The chances of that happening are remote at best, he said.

"It's very unlikely anyone will ever positively identify it," he said.

Nevertheless, employees with Washington state's Interpretive Services division have been examining the wreckage, which appears to have been a three-masted schooner, Hagge said. It probably was 130 feet long originally. The 74-foot chunk apparently is all that remains.

IN THE NEXT few days, the Interpretive Services researchers will give their findings

to Jan Pveten, director of the Park Commission, who will decide what to do with the wreck, Hagge said.

One "wild guess" about the vessel's identity, Marshall said, is that it could be the Charles E. Falk, a 298-ton schooner that crashed into the Copalis Rocks in 1909.

Or it could be the Fawn, another schooner that wrecked in the Grays Harbor area in 1900, said Marshall, whose latest project is a book about Washington shipwrecks.

Or it could be any of the more than 50 vessels whose names appear on a list the author and former shipwreck diver compiled recently of wrecks in the area since the late 19th century.

Like the rest of the vessel, its identity probably will remain buried at sea.

Research strengthens case for 'Isabella'



The vessel Isabella, seen in an artist's rendering, wrecked in 1830.

Historians have a much better chance of identifying an old shipwreck in the Columbia River near the bar than one resting on Washington's Copalis Beach.

Larry Gilmore, curator of the Columbia River Maritime Museum, says he is confident that a gillnetter snagged a net last fall on the Isabella, a Hudson's Bay Co. supply ship that ran aground and later sank off Sand Island near the bar in 1830. If it is, in fact, the British vessel, it would be the oldest wreck found in the area of the river's mouth.

"In my own mind, I feel about 95 percent sure this is the Isabella," Gilmore said.

All evidence researchers have collected about the wreck is consistent with what is known of the Isabella, Gilmore said.

A laboratory analysis of iron recovered from the wreck confirmed that the material was wrought iron of the colonial period. The ship's length, which judging by the wreckage appears to be between 70 feet and 80 feet, and its appearance also are consistent with the Isabella's dimensions, he said.

This summer, the Submerged Cultural Resources Team of the National Park Service may dive to the wreck to examine it, Gilmore said. The team of professional divers may also hold a seminar for local divers about the latest archaeological techniques to aid them in their trips to the wreck, Gilmore said.

The National Park Service is interested in the wreck because it owns and operates Washington's Fort Vancouver, where the Isabella was bound with provisions when it ran aground. The fort once was the Columbia River headquarters for the Hudson's Bay Co.

Museum officials have tracked down documentation from an old Lloyd's of London insurance registry showing the Isabella was built in 1825 in Shoreham, England, a town on a tributary of the Thames River, Gilmore said. The register, incidentally, gave the Isabella the highest rating for insurance purposes, he said.

A museum volunteer is writing to the British National Maritime Museum and other organizations requesting any documentation they might have on the Isabella, as well.

Eventually, a full-scale excavation may occur, but not before the summer of 1988.

Shipwreck confirmed as Isabella

By JOAN HERMAN
Of The Daily Astorian

ILWACO, Wash. — A shipwreck found beneath the cold, murky waters of the Columbia River is indeed a Hudson's Bay Co. fur-trading vessel wrecked in 1830, a team of professional archaeologists announced today.

"Our level of confidence is so high that it's beyond reason to treat it as anything else," said Dan Lenihan, chief of the National Park Service's Submerged Cultural Resources Team. "We feel with a high degree of confidence that it is the Isabella."

The team, called in by the Columbia River Maritime Museum to investigate the wreck, which was found in 1986, said that the shipwreck revealed far more about the submerged wooden vessel than the team ever expected.

"We've gotten a lot more evidence this weekend than we thought we would," Lenihan said.

Since arriving in Ilwaco Thursday, four Park Service employees have made several dives to the wreck of the brig, which ran aground and later sank off Cape Disappointment 157 years ago. The Isabella rests about 35 feet beneath the water's surface near Sand Island.

The Isabella is the second oldest wreck ever recorded in the area of the river's mouth. It is the oldest ever discovered in the area.

The vessel was a rare find because it is believed to be one of only two intact wooden vessels of the 19th century on the entire West Coast, said Jim Delgado, the Park Service's acting maritime historian.

Because of the vessel's archaeological significance, Delgado said he would nominate the site for placement on the National Register of Historic Places.

PERHAPS THE MOST revealing piece of evidence the team has found is a hole that had been punched into the wreck's hull. Lenihan said during an interview at the U.S. Coast Guard's Station Cape Disappointment, the team's base of operations.

After the Isabella ran aground on May 2, 1830, its crew cut or punched a hole into the vessel's side, probably to drain water so the



The Daily Astorian—KENT KERR

Divers surfaced to tell of their early findings to Jim Thompson, at stern of boat, Friday afternoon.

Isabella's provisions could be salvaged, Lenihan explained. The crew reportedly removed about 75 percent of the brig's cargo, which included trade goods, food and cooking utensils.

The divers also found fittings that would have been used on 19th-century vessels, Delgado said. "It's definitely not a 1903 lumber schooner," he said earlier this week.

An experimental sonar mapping device, which the team used for the first time on the Sand Island wreck, has proven its worth. The device, which Lenihan described as a "very new, cutting-edge technology," has helped the divers illustrate the wreck's curved hull.

Once the divers become more familiar with the device, it will vastly improve their ability to map and describe submerged artifacts, especially in murky water, Lenihan said. "That to us is magic."

About 80 feet of the vessel's side sits

above the river's sandy bottom. The length is commensurate with the Isabella's — as is all the evidence the divers have found at the wreck, he said. An intricate picture of the wreck, drawn by the divers, shows four sets of paired scuttles, or portholes, along the hull.

THE DIVERS DELIBERATELY have not removed pieces of the wreck because once they do, they would incur a "great responsibility to take care of (them)," Lenihan said.

The fallacy that water destroys shipwrecks is just that, he said. The water actually stabilizes a vessel, as though it were "on ice," he said. Once a wooden vessel is removed from the water, the air begins to destroy it. To prevent that from happening, a costly preservation plan would have to be prepared.

"If you do anything, you would want a long-term plan and even then you may want to leave most of it there," Lenihan

said.

Delgado said a more thorough investigation should be made of the site. But that decision probably is up to the maritime museum, which is coordinating the exploration of the wreck. The divers agreed to investigate the site at museum curator Larry Gilmore's request.

The museum will have to raise a considerable amount of money and probably hire a professional archaeologist if it decides to stage a full-scale excavation, Gilmore said.

Having finished its job, the diving team will pack up its gear and drive to Astoria Wednesday for a tour of the maritime museum and a visit to the wreck of the Peter Iredale.

From there, the team will head to Fort Vancouver, a national park in Washington. The divers will attempt to pinpoint the site of a former Hudson's Bay Co. wharf that historians think was built in 1824.

Divers' job? Preservation

By JOAN HERMAN
Of The Daily Astorian

ILWACO, Wash. — They are like medieval monks transcribing history for future generations.

But instead of flowing robes they wear snug wetsuits. Their "monastery" often is 50 feet or more beneath a river, lake or ocean's surface. And their religion, so to speak, is archaeology.

These 20th-century "monks" are the six members of the National Park Service's Submerged Cultural Resources Team, based in Santa Fe, N.M.

"We are sort of like the monks of medieval times, sitting on the bottom (of the ocean), retracing the fabric of history," said Jim Delgado, the Park Service's acting maritime historian.

Delgado and three other Park Service employees have been in Ilwaco since Thursday exploring what they believe is the wreck of the Isabella. The Hudson's Bay Co. fur-trading vessel ran aground and later sank in the Sand Island area of the Columbia River 157 years ago.

Diving on shipwrecks is only part of the team's mission, however. Just as monks helped record great cultural works, the archaeological team assists managers of national parks and museum curators in preserving the country's submerged artifacts.

THOSE INCLUDE EVERYTHING from Indian villages, Spanish galleons (occasionally the more sophisticated needed for especially difficult dives, such as retrieving bodies from caves or power substations 100 feet beneath the surface



With the Coast Guard's Cape Disappointment offices in the background, diving team members, from left, Larry Nordby, Jim Thompson, Jim Delgado, and Dan Lenihan, made plans Monday afternoon for their next dive.

The Park Service team is the only governmentally sponsored, traveling group of its kind in the world, said Dan Lenihan, the team's chief. The team's job has taken it all over the continental United States, the Virgin Islands, Hawaii and the South Pacific. The team's next assignment will be examining shipwrecks off Cape Cod, Mass.

A shipwreck, Delgado explained, is "very much like a book, if you will." The Isabella, for example, tells the story of the small English town that built the sturdy merchant vessel. Even a rotting hull may reveal much about its makers' culture and behavior, he said, by showing how much care was put into the vessel's construction.

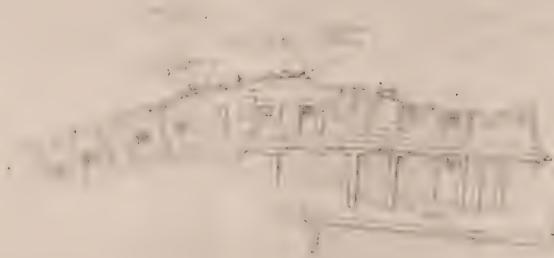
"WE ALL REALLY love it," the 42-year-old Lenihan said of the team's work.

Lenihan, a native of New York City's lower east side, was "passionately into diving" before he became interested in archaeology in about 1973. He admits he was drawn to his profession for "all the non-scientific reasons. I thought it was just bloody wonderful to be underwater and see shipwrecks."

The 30-year old Delgado could do without the diving part of his job. Except that it's usually the only way to see shipwrecks.

See Divers, Page 4

North Coast



The Daily Astorian—KENT KERR

A drawing of the shipwreck near Sand Island is made by transposing sketches made on slates underwater to a more

precise grid drawing, a system that may be replaced someday by a computer system the divers are testing.

Divers

Continued from Page 1

"I'm not a gung-ho diver," said the San Francisco resident. "I don't love diving. I love diving for shipwrecks. I'll go anywhere to dive on a shipwreck."

Although not technically a team member, Delgado has dived to the Sand Island wreck and used his extensive knowledge of naval architecture in the attempt to identify the vessel.

The job, exciting as it can be at times, is not without its disadvantages. It is both physically and mentally demanding — sometimes exhausting, team members said. Circles under their eyes attest to the 16-hour days working above and below the water's surface on the Sand Island wreck. And days on the road mean time spent away from families.

"It's one of those things that gets in your blood," Lenihan said. "You love doing it. But it can flat eat you up."

The job is not without its dangers, either, although the Park Service reduces those by requiring its divers to constantly hone their skills. But even years of training won't necessarily make up for a moment's lapse in concentration.

"It definitely has its hazardous elements to it," Lenihan said. "You can never really relax about that. Once you let your guard down in that area, you're just courting disaster."

The job's unforgettable moments help to make up for the risks. And diving on historic wrecks has given the team many memorable experiences. Larry Nordby, a Colorado native, will always remember his final dive to the USS Arizona, which

was sunk during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

The team's job was to assess the Arizona's damage, a task no one had undertaken. "Challenging was the polite word for it," Lenihan quipped.

The vessel, torn and twisted, was as long as two Statues of Liberty placed end to end. Yet the water's visibility was only 5 to 7 feet.

Finally, after many dives over a two-year period, the team was nearly done. The 40-year-old Nordby went down for one last look at the hulk he had come to know so well.

"It was a very tranquil type of feeling and a little bit saddening to know this was the last time you were going to dive to the Arizona," Nordby recalled.

"It was like saying goodbye to a friend."

FLIGHT OF THE FERRIES



All items from Matt Winters Collection

Tourist No. 2 was drafted for national defense at the start of World War II, used to lay mines to block Japanese access to the Columbia River. This drawing was reproduced in the 1968 dedication booklet for the Astoria-Megler Bridge.

Possible return sparks renewed interest in bygone era

By MATT WINTERS
For The Daily Astorian

Columbia River ferries are one of those obsolete transportation systems — others include the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad and the Ilwaco Railway & Navigation Co. — that ignite a bright flame of nostalgic interest.

Anyone who has used the extensive Puget Sound ferry network to commute to work or as a cheap dating gambit will appreciate the romance of spending time out on the water on what amount to comfortable floating picnic places and observation platforms.

News that the Tourist No. 2 ferry will likely soon be making at least a short-term return to the Columbia River estuary has excited much discussion. It will be fun to see it docked in Astoria.

Maintaining and running such a vessel is not for the faint of heart or weak of wallet. Keeping Tourist No. 2 here and finding some economically sustainable way of making it useful

to the community would be a big challenge. Looking back to completion of the Astoria-Megler Bridge 49 years ago this month, it's clear most residents and travelers couldn't wait to be done with the inconveniences of having to plan around the ferry.

Conceivably, the returning ferry might be able to break even in tourist season by running a schedule stopping along the waterfront between Tongue Point and Hammond, possibly making wildlife-watching cruises into the estuary or to places like Rice Island and Miller Sands. But it's hard to imagine taxpayers and city councilors agreeing to such an experiment, at least without strong private financial guarantees.

In the meantime, a few avid collectors seek out artifacts relating to the Columbia ferry era. Postcards, timetables, correspondence, tickets and other paper items are the most likely finds. A lucky few may manage to discover and keep objects from the boats themselves, or things like office accoutrements and street signs associated with the Astoria-North Beach Ferry Co.

See FERRIES, Page 3C

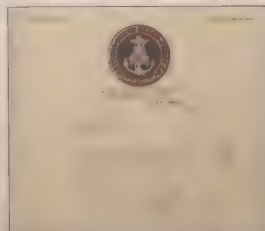


RATES		SUMMER SCHEDULE	
One Person and outfit	\$25.00	10:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
Two Persons and outfit	\$50.00	11:00 A.M.	12:00 P.M.
Three Persons and outfit	\$75.00	12:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
Four Persons and outfit	\$100.00	1:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
Five Persons and outfit	\$125.00	2:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
Six Persons and outfit	\$150.00	3:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
Seven Persons and outfit	\$175.00	4:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
Eight Persons and outfit	\$200.00	5:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.
Nine Persons and outfit	\$225.00	6:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
Ten Persons and outfit	\$250.00	7:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
Eleven Persons and outfit	\$275.00	8:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.
Twelve Persons and outfit	\$300.00	9:00 P.M.	10:00 P.M.
Thirteen Persons and outfit	\$325.00	10:00 P.M.	11:00 P.M.
Fourteen Persons and outfit	\$350.00	11:00 P.M.	12:00 P.M.
Fifteen Persons and outfit	\$375.00	12:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
Sixteen Persons and outfit	\$400.00	1:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
Seventeen Persons and outfit	\$425.00	2:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
Eighteen Persons and outfit	\$450.00	3:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
Nineteen Persons and outfit	\$475.00	4:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
Twenty Persons and outfit	\$500.00	5:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: This ferry schedule for summer 1939, kept as a souvenir in a tourist's scrapbook, shows that walk-on human passengers paid 25 cents, while horses and cows paid 50. Outbreak of World War II about two and a half years later resulted in enormous changes for the ferries and their passengers.

This 1936 bill for books of tickets sold to Chinook Packing Co. might represent tickets bought for resale to local residents or fares for company employees living on one side of the Columbia and conducting business on the other.

Tickets like these on the Astoria-North Beach Ferry were used by Pacific County, Wash., people traveling to the "big city" of Astoria for healthcare, shopping and other needs, and by Astorians coming north for clamming and fun at the beach. Pedestrian travelers connected with train service until 1930 and small buses thereafter. Tourists used the service to travel north and south on the already-famous U.S. 101 Pacific Coast Highway.



The tsunami that changed Cannon Beach

By **ELAINE TRUCKE**
For The Daily Astorian

With the recent article in the New Yorker making the rounds, I thought this would be a good time to look back on what happened in 1964. Some of you are probably saying, "OK, I get it, tsunamis. The coast is a dangerous place." Insert eye roll here, but the thing is a tsunami is a real possibility. And for some of us a constant threat in the back of our mind. Could what happen in 1964 be worse? Could Cannon Beach handle it?

On March 27, 1964 a megathrust quake (sometimes referred to as the Good Friday earthquake) shook Anchorage, Alaska, to its core. The term "megathrust" refers to a quake that occurs when one tectonic plate is forced under another, otherwise known as subduction. This type of quake can exceed 9.0 in magnitude, the Good Friday quake was a 9.2. Tremors lasted for four minutes and set into motion a tsunami that swept along the North American shoreline.

Many coastal communities were unaware of the strength of such quakes, or of the tsunami heading their way.

'Big bet'

In the early morning hours of March 27 a group of six poker players had gathered at Frank Hammond's house. A "big bet" of \$15 was on the table when the phone rang. Bill Stedel, one of the poker players, recalls, "The phone rang and one of the men got up and answered the phone. 'They said there's a tidal wave coming,' he said. We all ignored it, because we heard that every winter that there were some big waves coming. It wasn't unusual to hear that."

Then the second call came. The wave had hit. As Stedel recalls in his 1995 Cannon Beach History Center oral history interview, "We said to Hammond, 'Where are you?' Hammond says, 'The last wave broke over, you know that tree in my driveway — the last wave broke over the top of that tree.'"

The tree was 30 feet tall. Stedel described the scene as a "Laurel and Hardy picture." Every man ran for the door at the same time. Then they scam-

bled into their cars and made for their families as quickly as they could.

Rebuffed, at first

The news of the quake in Alaska and tales of an approaching tsunami was rebuffed by some, at least at first. The community of Cannon Beach was prepared for any number of northern squalls, floods, and fires, but this was something different, something unexpected.

Brigid Snow and her husband had a unique view from one of the bluffs in Cannon Beach. As they scanned the sea they noticed the wave approaching, curling at shore and rising in height about a foot a second, about 10 feet in all.

By the time the first wave made it to shore it was a 30-foot wall of water.

Elsewhere in Cannon Beach — Margaret Sroufe glanced out her window and was shocked to see dancing blue and green orbs right before the power went out. Intrigued, she made for her porch. Sroufe and her husband had an unprecedented view of the damage caused by the tsunami from their home on west side of Elm Street. "There was a little duplex, down the street, and the duplex started to move," Sroufe remembers. "It hit the telephone pole, and went around the telephone pole, and ended way back up in the pasture. And the bridge lifted up and moved on back into the pasture. It came right up to the edge of our driveway. We just stood there with our arms around each other watching the water come up."

Bridge was gone

Those who were heading for high ground via the Ecola Creek Bridge were shocked to find that it was gone. Stedel was the first to arrive. "The bridge was gone," he said. "The water was all around me, and then a house went by. The house went over into the meadow and settled down."

The tsunami only picked up speed as it moved further down the coastline. In Crescent City, Calif., it moved with such strength and velocity that when hitting the shore, seals were caught in midair by the rushing 30-feet — or more — waves. Witnesses have referred to these waves as "walls of water."

HISTORIC PHOTO OF THE WEEK



Cannon Beach History Center/Submitted Photo

Surveying damage after the 1964 tsunami.

The north end of Cannon Beach was the hardest hit by the '64 tsunami. Homes were torn from foundations or flooded. In addition, the Ecola Creek Bridge was completely destroyed leaving behind only skeletal pieces of wood hanging from the road on either side. Tsunami debris was distributed throughout the town. Though Cannon Beach did not experience the fatalities or devastation of other coastal communities, it was a shocking occurrence that changed how those who live at the coast react to a tsunami.

The 1964 tsunami wasn't the first, nor will it be the last time that the coast is hit by a tsunami. The threat of a tsunami has always been a threat. There is extensive archaeological evidence and geological records that indicate past severe seismic events that have caused devastation along the entire west coast. Native American oral traditions of the region further confirm that such events have impacted ancient populations in the past.

Cascadia Subduction Zone

Archaeological work done in areas around Port Townsend, various parts of Oregon and Northern California have shown that the Cascadia Subduction Zone has been and will be responsible for earthquakes and tsunamis. One such event occurred on Jan. 26, 1700. How can we be so accurate on this date? The tsunami of 1700 was so devastating that it reached the shore of Japan and the time and date were recorded there. In addition to the records in Japan,



Cannon Beach History Center/Submitted Photo

Potential earthquake sources in the Pacific Northwest.

dendrochronology and Native American oral traditions further substantiate a devastating tsunami in 1700.

Nearly every year new information becomes available to the public thanks to the hard work of geologists, archaeologists, and other scientists. This information does not fall on deaf ears, which is why tsunami safety and preparedness has become synonymous with the Oregon Coast, specifically Cannon Beach.

Evacuation plans

Cannon Beach has had a strong emergency preparedness program for years. In fact, on April 14, 2010, The New York Times commended Cannon Beach for the city's tsunami preparedness plans and proclaimed the town to be at the forefront with policies. Despite some of the claims in the infamous New Yorker article, many hotels in the area have evacuation plans outlined for guests, signs throughout town direct in-

habitants to the safety of high ground, and local businesses have begun to construct tsunami and earthquake safe buildings.

Education is still the No. 1 combatant against casualties related to tsunamis and earthquakes. Safety drills, workshops, and community forums have led to a well-educated community.

Elaine Trucke is the executive director of the Cannon Beach History Center and Museum.



Cannon Beach History Center/Submitted Photo

A bridge is out during the 1964 tsunami.

Entitled

Calling all disaffected locals, transplanted Portland hipsters and dreadlocked flyover state dudes looking to find their art in Astoria!

We have the ideal title for your work, courtesy of emergency dispatch: "A Boy Pushed a Safeway Cart Into the Columbia River."

You're welcome. Also, some folks were improperly selling steaks. And three goats were at large.

Follow reporter Kyle Spurr on his 9-1-What? Twitter watch, where a few of the sometimes head-scratching calls to area dispatch take center stage. The full feed is at www.twitter.com/9_1_WHAT.

9-1-WHAT?

THE MOST INTERESTING 9-1-1 CALLS FROM ASTORIA

9-1-WHAT?
[7:30 @ 3:13 p.m.] Neighbors sawing down caller's trees

9-1-WHAT?
[7:31 @ 5:31 p.m.] Three goats at large.

9-1-WHAT?
[7:31 @ 4:27 p.m.] People trying to sell steaks in a parking lot. They were advised to move along and obtain a business license.

Coast River BUSINESS JOURNAL

FREE

Inside: **Shellfish farm copes with challenges**
Taylor remains optimistic despite changing ocean conditions

Now inserted into The Daily Astorian

Chinook Obsv

For more information call 503-325-3211

Coast River BUSINESS JOURNAL

crbizjournal.com

Ferries: 'River of the West' was named after Robert Gray's ship

Continued from Page 1C

History of the ferries

When the bridge was dedicated in 1966, the Oregon State Highway Commission's staff prepared a useful history of ferry operations. Here it is:

The legendary "River of the West," as the Columbia was called by the early explorers, has long defied man. Many of these early explorers passed up the opportunity to sail up this mighty river and claim a vast wonderland for their native country because of the shifting sands and mighty tides at the mouth of the river.

It remained for an American sea captain, Robert Gray of Boston, to verify the existence of this body of water. He first visited the river in 1793 but in May, 1792, he returned and entered the river, naming it after his ship, *Columbia*. When the expedition of Lewis and Clark reached the area of Astoria in the winter of 1805, the north-south crossing of the river posed a problem. Their untimely craft were often swamped and capsize. They were forced to travel several miles upriver to make the crossing safely. They noticed the Indians employed a specially designed canoe to negotiate the trip.

Intermittent attempts

Stories tell of an enterprising individual who lashed two canoes together and placed a platform over them to establish an early ferry in the 1810s. The stories also relate that the crossings were not always successful. Intermittent attempts were made to start a regular ferry service but it was not until 1921 when the automobile began to be a little more than something to scare the horses with that anyone took a serious venture in this field of scheduled ferry service. His friends called him a "crazy Swede" because he was willing to gamble his life's savings on the chance there were enough people wanting to cross the Columbia River at Astoria to make the venture worthwhile, but Captain Fritz Elfvig had confidence in the future.

His service began with the Tourist 1 and ran between Astoria, Oregon and McGowan, Wash. Within a few years, the service proved

profitable enough for Captain Elfvig to purchase the more ferries, naming them appropriately Tourist 2 and Tourist 3.

Competition in those days wasn't as refined as it is today and everything short of warfare, and many times it even approached that, was fair. He overrode all opposition, either buying them out or running them out of business. Following the "ferry war" of the '30s, events were fairly quiet along the river front until a real war broke out in 1941. Hardly had news been received that war had been declared when a detachment of soldiers from nearby Fort Stevens deployed on the dock and commandeered the Tourist 2 for the duration of hostilities.

Converted to a minelayer

The vessel was moved to a shipyard and converted to a minelayer. She performed yeoman duty laying and tending the mine fields at the mouth of the Columbia River. For her outstanding service, the U.S. Army awarded her an "E" pennant — the only ship of her type so honored.

In 1946, the Oregon State Highway Commission purchased the ferries and facilities of the Astoria North Beach Company. Following the war and the resulting lifting of gasoline restrictions, Americans were eager to travel and traffic at the ferry site constantly increased. In many instances, cars were backed up waiting long periods of time for a ferry. The Highway Commission approved plans for an addition to the fleet and the "M.R. Chessman" joined the "highway navy" in April 1948. Anticipating increased travel for the Seattle World Fair, the Commission approved the purchase of the Kitsap in 1958.

Even with this added help, long lines of waiting traffic at both terminals of the ferry, in Astoria and at Megler, Wash., where the site had been moved from McGowan, attested to the need of improved transportation. So the automobile which created a need for the ferry system led to its demise — a victim of progress that won't be forgotten for years to come.

Matt Winters is the editor and publisher of this column, Wash. Observer.

ASTORIA-NORTH BEACH AUTO FERRY SERVICE

Change of Schedule:

Effective SATURDAY, May 27th, 1922

FERRY "TOURIST"

Daily and Sunday,

Leaves Astoria, 7:30 A. M. Leaves McGowan 8:30 A. M.
" " 1:00 P. M. " " 2:00 P. M.
" " 6:00 P. M. " " 7:00 P. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS

The Ferry leaves Astoria at 7:30 A. M. and 1:00 P. M. makes stage connections with ferry stage bus, to leave for the city and well equipped regional "Astoria and Portland" and "Portland and Astoria" stage bus. Leaves McGowan at 8:30 A. M. and 2:00 P. M. and connects with Ferry at McGowan on arrival and departure trip.

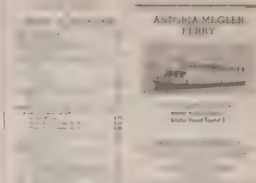
Reduced Fares on Ferry for 1922:

Small Car and Driver, one way \$2.50
Small Car and Driver, (30-day Round Trip) 3.00
Large Car and Driver, one way 3.50
Large Car and Driver, (30-day Round Trip) 4.50
Passengers, one way 35c
Passengers, (30-day round trip) 50c
Season Book, 20-trips, small Car and Driver 25.00
Season Book, 30-trips, large Car and Driver 30.00

Astoria North-Beach Ferry Company,
Foot of 14th street, Astoria, Ore.
P. B. ELFVIG, General Manager, Astoria, Oregon

All items from Matt Winters Collection

ABOVE: A 1922 newspaper advertisement shows trip schedules and "stage connections." RIGHT: This type of ferry schedule, also printed in yellow, was in use during state ownership of the Columbia ferry system between 1946 and 1966. It features the M.R. Chessman, which was purchased in April 1948. Compared to some ephemera printed for the ferry system, examples of these have survived in somewhat greater numbers in local attics and closets.



TOURIST	TOURIST	TOURIST	TOURIST	TOURIST	TOURIST
10:00 PM	1:00 PM	12:00 PM	1:00 PM	12:00 PM	1:00 PM
2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00


REPRODUCTION OF FERRY CARD



Megler Ferry offered simple meals and restroom facilities for motorists who sometimes had to endure long lines waiting for a ride across the river.



This is the Tourist No. 2 following modifications late in its time on the Columbia River. This photo was reproduced in the 1966 dedication booklet for the Astoria Megler Bridge.



3 WAYS TO GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

ORDER ONLINE
www.DiscoverOurCoast.com/order

STOP BY ONE OF OUR 3 LOCATIONS
 Astoria • 949 Exchange St.
 Seaside • 1555 N. Roosevelt Dr.
 Long Beach • 205 Bolstad Ave. E. #2

or CALL HOLLY LARKINS
 Email: hollarylarkins@astorian.com

Searching for shipwreck turns into arduous task

Warrenton — You want confusing? Try to find an object, even a very large one, amid the evergreens, alders and undergrowth that blanket the western swath of Fort Stevens State Park all the way to the foredune. This former saltwater-scrubbed intertidal zone was transformed during the last century into a formidable forest that's presently traversed mainly by deer, elk, coyote, rabbits and mushroom foragers.

It's an ideal place to hide, say, a shipwreck. Few most local residents realize that the sometimes treacherous waters at and near the mouth of the Columbia River, visible from much of Fort Stevens, are a graveyard of maritime disasters numbering in the hundreds. Most famous is the Peter Iredale, a British sailing vessel that came ashore in October 1906 and almost a century later remains imbedded in its sandy resting place.

Of lesser repute is the Cairnsmore, another British sailing vessel that stranded in the same vicinity on a foggy September morning 22 years and 11 months earlier. As with the Iredale, 15 hands were rescued, but the ship was a total

Unlike the Iredale, which was sailing in ballast (i.e., without a cargo, but still weighted to keep her hull lower in the water), the Cairnsmore was carrying machinery and 7,500 barrels of cement, which began leaking after she struck bottom on a perilously shallow stretch of water called Clatsop Spit. Within a matter of months, the vessel's hull became imbedded in the sand.

Because thousands of acres of land in and around Fort Stevens have been, generally, reclaimed from the ocean during construction of the South city, dune stabilization and dredging, the contemporary Clatsop Spit is situated considerably farther north than when the Cairnsmore wrecked more than 119 years ago. The ocean has been "pushed back," a quarter mile in places, and the former Clatsop Spit is now part of the above-mentioned forest.

That fact didn't prevent Astorian Linda Dean and me from looking for what's left of the Cairnsmore. We had seen photos and four years ago had heard through the local historical tapevine that mushroom hunters had stumbled upon the wreck. Linda and I twice tramped through the trees and tangled ground cover for hours — a heck of a workout both ways — searching in vain for a scrap of anything that resembled that ancient windjammer.

In the company of her husband Norm, apparently a more proficient forest navigator than I, Linda actually located some of the Cairns-



Courtesy of the Columbia River Maritime Museum
The Cairnsmore, a British Bark, wrecked leaving the Columbia with a load of cement in 1883. The ship was pushed onto the beach near Fort Stevens by heavy surf. As the beach continued to grow, the Cairnsmore was left buried in the sand.

more's rusted metal fittings, but almost four years passed before I could accompany her back to the site, this time with Yvonne Starr, another Astoria history buff, in tow.

Sometimes the distance between two points turns out to be longer and the journey more arduous than expected. Dressed in old clothes

and stout boots, our threesome stepped out of Linda's black Chevy Blazer into a stiff east wind.

It was a troublesome route, but the key to our success, Linda

announced, was finding the distinctive tree that marked our entry through a grove of shore pines.

With Linda leading, we pushed our way past a thicket of scrawny but scratchy brush, then trudged through a swampy morass and scrambled gingerly over logs buried in waist-high cut grass.

During the summer, this temperate jungle would be considerably denser with foliage. Now at least, we could see our way through the tangle of alder branches. But where was the Cairnsmore?

"You're standing on it," Linda proudly proclaimed. Sure enough, she brushed back a couple handfuls of undergrowth to reveal a two-foot-high section of what appeared to be rusted pipe. Nearby was a horizontal portion of another piece of metal. I dropped to all fours and

Related reading

The two best sources for learning about the fate of the Cairnsmore are "Pacific Graveyard" by James Gibbs and "Oregon Shipwrecks" by Don Marshall. Both books are available at the Columbia River Maritime Museum bookstore, 1792 Marine Drive, Astoria. (503) 325-2323.

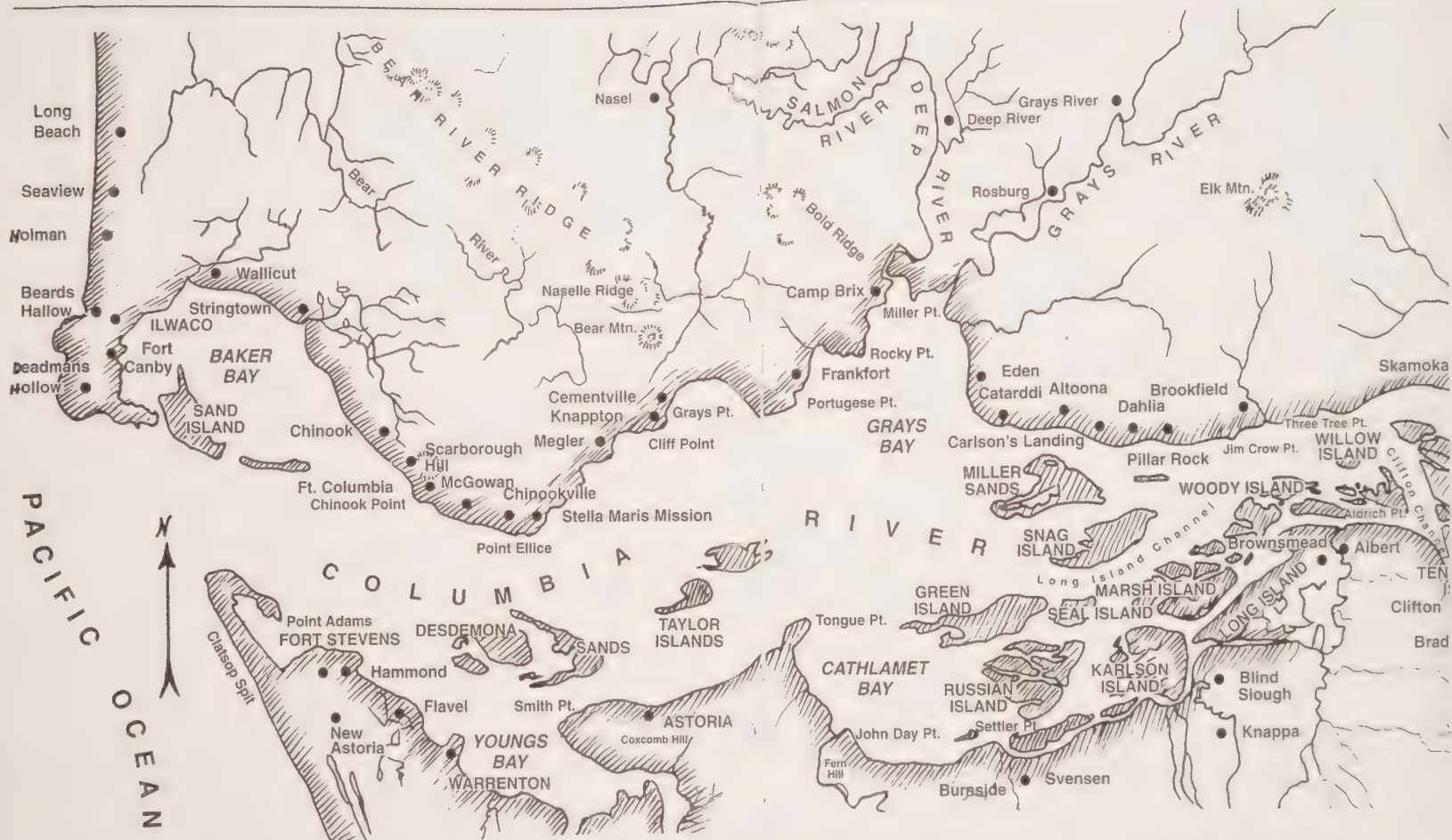
began rummaging for more clues. Nothing materialized until Yvonne, using her foot as a sounding device, uncovered another chunk of well we hadn't a clue what the metal fragment was, but we were elated to find it.

Satisfied with our success, we returned to Linda's vehicle an hour or so later, a short seagull flight from where we were, but decidedly farther in terms of exertion. Not really exhausted, yet flush with our efforts, we discussed a subsequent visit and the need to keep the Cairnsmore's location between ourselves.

So if you're intrigued by shipwrecks and would like to take a look at the remains of the Cairnsmore for yourself, sorry, you're on your own. Linda, Yvonne and I are sworn to secrecy.

Richard Fencsak is the co-owner of Bikes & Beyond. His column runs the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in The Daily Astorian. *DA, DA 6 1-23-2003*

Forever Fit
By
RICHARD FENCSAK



Principal Sponsor



FERGUSON WELLMAN
CAPITAL MANAGEMENT

1792 MARINE DRIVE - ASTORIA, OREGON - 97103
503.325.2323 - WWW.CRMM.ORG - ADMIN@CRMM.ORG



USS SHARK CARRONADES
VIP PREMIER

MAY 23, 2014

COLUMBIA RIVER MARITIME MUSEUM



The US Navy Schooner *Shark* reached the coast of Oregon in July 1846 with orders to survey the Columbia River. In September, their mission complete, they attempted to leave the river.

However, the journey ended in disaster when the ship was swept into the breakers on the legendary Columbia River Bar.

Incredibly, 162 years later, a discovery was made.

The State of Oregon
and
The Columbia River Maritime Museum
invite you to attend the official

**Unveiling of the
Carronades from the USS *Shark*.
on Friday, May 23, 2014**

4:00 PM to 6:00 PM
In the Museum's Great Hall

Join us in celebrating over 6 years of dedicated heritage preservation, stewardship, and amazing conservation efforts to present the carronades discovered at Arch Cape, Oregon.



Nature
HISTORY
Discovery

To RSVP
call: 503-325-2323 or email: admin@crmm.org

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 2014



ALEX PAJUNAS — The Daily Astorian

Columbia River Maritime Museum staffers including Facilities Manager Hampton Scudder, right, and Curator Jeff Smith, middle, provide instruction to Mike Abrahams, not pictured, owner of ABA Construction, who operates a forklift to lower the second of two 1,300-pound iron cannons into a replica wooden carriage Tuesday. The two cannons, found in Arch Cape in 2008, were lost when the USS Shark broke apart on the Columbia River bar 168 years ago.

Looking down the barrel of history

USS Shark cannons return to coast; on display May 24

By **TED SHORACK**
The Daily Astorian

After five years of painstaking restoration work, two cannons from a 19th century American ship that surveyed the region are now ready to be displayed at the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Museum staff used a forklift Tuesday to hoist the 1,300-pound iron cannons and carefully place them in replica wooden carriages and original mounting pieces.

Although the ship was broken apart on the Columbia River bar 168 years ago, the cannons still technically belong to the U.S. Navy. The museum partnered with the Navy and the state of Oregon to restore and display them.

"To us it's so much more than just a maritime story," said Dave Pearson, deputy director of the museum. "This was the dawn of the Oregon territory. This is something that I think has a bigger story to tell."

The two cannons, known more specifically as carronades, were discovered in 2008 during Presidents Day weekend. Mike Petrone of Tualatin and his daughter Miranda,

who was 12 years old at the time, discovered the first cannon while walking along the beach in Arch Cape. Two days later the second one was found by Shariisse Repp of Tualatin.

Staff with the Nehalem Bay State Park and others had to use a backhoe for the first cannon and dig trenches alongside it before pulling it out. Both were displayed in tubs at the park as officials tried to determine their origin.

When they were first extracted, many thought the cannons could be from the USS Shark, a schooner that navigated the Columbia River in 1846. After closer examination, it turned out to be true.

The ship was deployed to settle territorial disputes with the British along the river, but was never used in combat. When the crew tried to cross the Columbia River bar to leave,

the ship was ripped apart on a sandbar near Fort Stevens State Park. A chunk of the ship was sucked out into the ocean and drifted south along the coast. The first cannon from the ship was found in 1898 and gave Cannon Beach its name.

*'To us it's
so much
more than
just a
maritime
story.'*

— **Dave Pearson**
deputy director of
the museum



ALEX PAJUNAS — The Daily Astorian

An excavator lowers one of two cannons from the USS Shark into an Oregon State Parks vehicle Feb. 19, 2008, in Arch Cape. The Shark was a survey schooner that ran aground in 1846.



ALEX PAJUNAS — The Daily Astorian

Oregon State Park employees battle incoming waves Feb. 19, 2008, to excavate the second of two cannons from the USS Shark found on the beach in Arch Cape.

See SHARK, Page 10A

Shark: Experts restore cannons from wrecked ship

Continued from Page 1A

Survivors of the shipwreck made it to Astoria and set up cabins while they waited for two months for passage to San Francisco. On a stone slab, which was placed in the museum in 1965, survivors carved "Here the Shark was lost. September 10, 1846."

Carronades

Carronades were short-range naval weapons and commonly used in the early 19th century. Jeff Smith, CRMM curator, said the British navy used them for close combat naval battles with France during the Napoleonic wars. During the War of 1812, the British were outmatched by American ships with longer-range cannons.

The carronades that were dug up in Arch Cape were among 12 total cannons on board the Shark, which was built in a Washington, D.C., shipyard in 1821. Because of a maker's mark on the bottom, officials were able to determine that one was American-made and the other was made in Great Britain.

The cannons have been at the Center for Maritime Archaeology and Conservation at Texas A&M University since April 2009. The process of restoring them has been laborious. A thick layer of



ALEX PAJUNAS — The Daily Astorian
Jeff Smith, the Columbia River Maritime Museum's curator, pushes the trunnion into place on the second of two cannons belonging to the USS Shark to connect it to a replica wooden carriage. The trunnion is used as a pivot point from which the cannon's muzzle can be raised or lowered. See another photo online at dailyastorian.com

sand and rock that had formed around the cannons had to be delicately chipped away.

Experts found pieces of wood, leather and rope inside. They were all soaked in their own separate chemical bath.

Smith said they had to slowly change the chemistry to reduce the chloride-level that accumulated from so many years of saltwater exposure.

The iron pieces were even given a jolt of electric current to remove buildup.

It allowed the rust to turn back into iron. "That was the stabilization process and that took years," Smith said. "Each object underwent its own particular chemistry and treatment."

The iron rings and guards that were part of the original mounting were too unstable to be used in the display, but will be in a separate case for visitors to view.

The museum already has other artifacts from the Shark, including an officer's sword

that washed up. Pearson said the cannons help complete the story of the naval ship and are a reminder of the dangers crews faced when crossing the river bar.

The cannons will be in climate-controlled cases to keep down the relative humidity. "That's part of their care to keep them from rusting and to keep any moisture out of that," said Pearson.

The exhibit will be officially unveiled May 24 for all visitors to see.



ALEX PAJUNAS — The Daily Astorian
An estimated crowd of 80 people gather around one of two large tubs containing a historic cannon from the USS Shark Feb. 26, 2008, at the Nehalem Bay State Park maintenance shop in Manzanita. After being excavated from the beach in Arch Cape, the cannons were submerged in saltwater for a week, leaving behind a layer of rust at the base of the tub.

Family rediscovers Shark's cannon

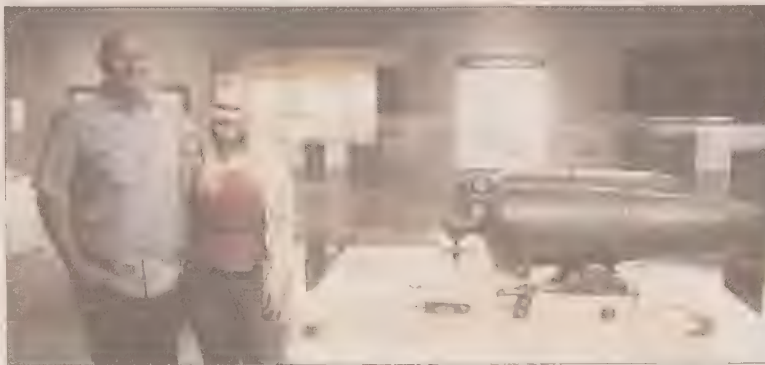
'Nobody believed us' about the find

By TED SHORACK
The Daily Astorian

They didn't look like much at first, but the cannons discovered in Arch Cap six years ago are in much better shape now.

"They look really good," said Miranda Petrone. "I didn't think they'd be this intact considering the condition we found them in."

Petrone was only 12 years old when she and her father stumbled upon one of the cannons during Presidents Day weekend in 2008.



TED SHORACK — The Daily Astorian

Miranda Petrone, right, and her father, Mike, were strolling along the beach in Arch Cape in 2008 when they discovered a cannon that was last seen 168 years ago. Another cannon was also found that weekend and both are now on display at the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

"I honestly didn't really know what to expect," she said on Wednesday during a

visit to the Columbia River Maritime Museum with her family. "They're a lot bigger

than we remember."

5-23-2014

See CANNON, Page 9A

4

Cannon: Reports of discovery met with skepticism

Continued from Page 1A

Miranda's father, Mike Petrone, said the first people they told about the cannon were skeptical at first. They called the city of Cannon Beach and the Cannon Beach Historical Society.

"There was a long pause," he said about the phone calls. "They did not believe us."

"Nobody believed us," said Miranda Petrone.

Petrone said people walked by them and took photos of it, but it didn't spark much more interest. A concretion made up of sand and rock had formed around the cannon after it drifted down from the Columbia River bar in 1846. The cannons belonged to the USS Shark, a schooner that surveyed the river during Oregon's nascent territory days.

The cannons initially looked just like a log buried in the sand, Mike Petrone said,

but they soon noticed that there was rust on an iron ring that was still sticking out from the concretion. They did some more digging and people finally believed that it was in fact a cannon.

The Petrone family and friends were visiting the coast from Tualatin during the holiday weekend. Family friend Sharisse Repp found the second cannon two days later.

Miranda Petrone said she's always liked the idea of finding buried treasure and the discovery in 2008 was exciting, but it hasn't necessary sparked a desire to become a history major while she is in college.

On Saturday, the museum will officially open the exhibit to the public. At 2 p.m., a student from Texas A&M University who helped restore the cannons will give a presentation of his master's thesis, which he did on the two cannons.



Inside the Columbia River Maritime Museum, Dee O'Brien, left, who works in facilities, and Curator Jeff Smith, right, keep an eye on a restored cannon from the USS Shark as Mike Abrahams, middle, owner of ABA Construction, lowers it into a replica wooden carriage May 13. The cannon was one of 12 mounted on board the Shark, which was built in a Washington, D.C., shipyard in 1821.

ALEX PAJUNAS
The Daily Astorian

Barquentine

Sails of a three-masted barquentine



Belgian Barquentine Mercator Port of Spain, Trinidad, c. 1960. Barquentine Mercator is now a museum ship at anchor in Ostend, Belgium



History of the term

A barquentine is a sailing vessel with three or more masts, and with a square rigged foremast and only fore-and-aft rigged sails on the main, mizzen and any other masts. Related rigs are brigantine (2 masts), barque (square-rigged on all but the mizzen mast), and the sole instance of a vessel with 2 fore-and-aft rigged masts and 2 square-rigged (the Olympia).

Earlier and very controversial examples of this class of vessel were the Transits of 1800 and her sister ship, the *Thetis*, which were claimed that they could be worked entirely from the deck.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Brigantine



The brigantine Irving Johnson



Brigantine Falado

In sailing, a brigantine is a vessel with two masts, at least one of which is square rigged.

Originally the brigantine was a small ship carrying both oars and sails. It was a favorite of Mediterranean pirates, and its name comes from the Italian word "brigantino" which meant brigand's ship.[1] In modern parlance, a brigantine is a principally fore-and-aft rig with a square-rigged foremast, or converted to a brig which is square-rigged on both masts.

In the late 17th century, the Royal Navy used the term brigantine to refer to small two-masted vessels designed to be rowed as well as sailed, fitted with square sails on both masts.

By the first half of the 19th century the word had evolved to refer not to a ship type name, but to a particular construction, of which are masted and rigged a mixture differing from a

brig and

and a brigantine, a two-masted ship with two masts. The term is not universally confined to vessels of a particular construction, or which are masted and rigged a mixture differing from a

brig and

and a brigantine, a two-masted ship with two masts. The term is not universally confined to vessels of a particular construction, or which are masted and rigged a mixture differing from a

brig and

and a brigantine, a two-masted ship with two masts.

and a brigantine, a two-masted ship with two masts. The term is not universally confined to vessels of a particular construction, or which are masted and rigged a mixture differing from a

brig and

and a brigantine,

Later, brig and brigantine developed distinct meanings. The Oxford English Dictionary (with citations from 1720 to 1854) defines brig as:

1. a. A vessel

(c.1700) *originally* identical with the brigantine (of which word brig was a colloquial abbreviation); but, (c.1800) the full name has remained with the anchored brigantine, the shortened name has accompanied the modifications which have subsequently been made, and so that a brig is now

(c.1800) *usually* with two masts square rigged, with a single mast rigged fore-and-aft, or with two masts, the foremast square-rigged and the mainmast fore-and-aft, and with a full-rigged stern.

A brig differs from a schooner in having a mainmast, and in having her gaff to turn the sail. Merchant crews are often called brigades. The word has originally descended from the Portuguese for ship or vessel, as well as being associated with

brigade, which has to do with a brigade, as a formation in war.

FROM WIKIPEDIA, THE FREE ENCYCLOPEDIA



Warrenton has visionary

by **VALERIE HARTMAN**
Seaside Signal

Warrenton resident Kathleen Covert is a wonderful addition to the city where she has lived for two years now.

She has begun to plug into the community by joining groups such as the Lower Columbia Tourism Committee, where it is her goal to see that Warrenton is represented, and spearheading organizations such as the Warrenton Business Association where she is president. Her aim is to help guide the future of Warrenton.



Kathleen Covert

"We're gaining enthusiasm in this town," Covert said. "But the change has to come slowly."

Covert attended the Teddy Bear Tea presented by the Warrenton/Hammond Historical Society at Warrenton City Hall last week and talked about the changes she and others are working toward.

"Nobody wanted to build up (Warrenton). They wanted to be low profile," Covert said. "We are all here because we like this lifestyle and nature that is around us."

One of Covert's projects is to pave a 26.5-mile trail that surrounds Warrenton. Looking into the future, she envisions Warrenton holding marathons on the trail system, which is on land already owned by the city of Warrenton.

This summer the first 1,000 feet of the Waterfront Trail was paved beginning at the Second Street fishing dock on the Skipanon River. Covert has met with the Oregon Department of Transportation to continue the trail under the bridge, a project that would be paid by ODOT funds maintained for bridge beautification, Covert said. The project would include putting down gravel, flowers and cleaning the bridge supports.

Covert would also like to see the path turn north from the

bridge passing in front of Warrenton Deep Sea on N.E. Harbor Place. Covert said she has been in contact with the owner of the fish market to see if a water fountain could be placed on the property and see if the business would be interested in selling shrimp and crab cocktails to people who want to stop and see the boats coming in with seafood. She also wants to get kids out of the way of log trucks that come from the wood mill on N.E. Skipanon Drive.

Covert would like the Waterfront Trail to be accessible to those with disabilities, including building a pier on the Columbia River at Carruthers Park with equipment for handicapped people who want to try to catch a crab, perhaps adding life-size bronze figures of wildlife for visitors who have lost their sight. In addition to the

the chamber to see if she could find out what the chamber tells visitors asking about activities in they could do in Warrenton. She gave the employee ample time to talk about Warrenton, but the employee had very limited knowledge of the city.

Covert wanted the welcome sign at Warrenton's south entrance lit up, so she researched the situation and after speaking to the highway department, Pacific Power and Lights and Electric Norm, she decided lights flush to the ground would be best. She also had an electrician search out the nearest pole with a meter so the city would not need to install any new equipment.

Covert does not see making Warrenton a commercialized town.

"We want to keep it natural," she said.



Mural of the early days in Warrenton, painted by Kathleen Covert, located on the corner of N.E. Skipanon and N. Main Avenue.

trail, wheelchair accesses have been added from the sidewalks to the streets at the four-way stop at N.E. Skipanon Drive and N. Main Avenue.

In addition to Covert's involvement in the Warrenton Business Association, she has also recently joined a committee at the Astoria/Warrenton Chamber called the Lower Columbia Tourism Committee, which receives 13.5 percent of Warrenton's 9% transient room tax, totalling \$42,000 per year. She wanted to see how Warrenton's room tax comes back to the city.

Playing Suzy Tourist, Covert went on a self-appointed trip to

She also believes that if nature was kept intact, the community will accept changes.

As a professional woman, Covert is an artist who works in cement. She has done a lot of work in the Portland area, including the Pearl District, east of Highway 405 to projects at the train station. She has worked with the Architectural Institute as well, "developing concrete into new, viable architectural designs."

As far as Covert is concerned, this fireball of energy, enthusiasm and good humor is bent on seeing Warrenton revived.

"I shall not be deterred."





Pala Indala



*Eva Winkala
(Hamilton)*

1931



Feb 1

Eva Viikala
(Hamilton)



1931



Eva Winkala
(Hamilton)



Pioneer Woman's Husband Saved Ship's Gun for Cannon Beach

By EMMA GENE MILLER
CANNON BEACH. (Special)—Mrs. Mary E. Gerritse, 82, of Cannon Beach let her unique life story be told to the Cannon Beach children of grades 3, 4, 7 and 8 who study local and Oregon history in their social studies.

In 1897 Mrs. Mary Gerritse started carrying mail in Nehalem. She went on horseback around Neahkahnie mountain, over the old Indian trail. It was a 29-mile round trip from Nehalem to the Cannon Beach post office near Hug Point.

The first Cannon Beach post office was at the Austin place (half way place where travelers stopped for meals and lodging). The old cannon still stands there today.

For five years Mary Gerritse carried the mail daily on horseback (except Sundays) from Nehalem to Hug Point. The trail was only 20 inches wide.

In 1904, the John Gerritises moved to Seaside and she began carrying mail for eight more years. She carried it on horseback in the winters and by wagon in the summers.

She carried passengers as well as mail then. There was no bridge across Elk creek so the trips were made according to the tide so the team could ford the creek.

Although there were many deer and bears along the mail trail, Mary Gerritse was not afraid of them nor of anything else. She rode unarmed with the exception of a jackknife "to defend the mail."

There was an Indian trail from Nehalem to Seaside. Most of the trail that is left is on the north side of Neahkahnie. The grading of the road on the south side cut away the trail, so it can't be traveled anymore. Indians lived in rugged shacks in those days. They were friendly to outsiders, but only fought among themselves.

About 1898, Mrs. Gerritse's husband, John, brought his team of horses from Nehalem and hauled the cannon out of the ocean to the place where it is at the present time. Paul Bartel set it in cement. That cannon was on the



CARRIED MAIL—Mrs. Mary E. Gerritse, 82, once carried the mail to Cannon Beach over an Indian infested trail. Her husband dragged the cannon for which the area is named up from the ocean. (Photos by Emma Gene Miller)

US schooner Shark which was wrecked on September 10, 1846, while attempting to sail out of the Columbia river. Cannon Beach was named for that cannon.



The Peter Iredale road in 1935, two years after the project was started by the Civilian Conservation Corps which was created by President Roosevelt to provide jobs during the Great Depression. Shore pine and scotch broom was planted by workers to help ease sand erosion. One of those workers was Warrenton resident Elmer Ferrell, who is profiled in a story by Marcella Lindsey on page 8. Ferrell received a letter of commendation from the famous Brigadier General George Marshall.



Peter Fredale

-1906



SHARING THE STORY



Nostalgia Nook (originally ran Sept. 2, 2011): "The last of the Robert Hendricks children have passed away," Hendricks family member Karen McGuffin wrote to the Ear, "and the new generation planned a family reunion at Fort Stevens to visit the Peter Iredale." Pictured above, some of the family members gathered at the Aug. 13 reunion.

So what's the family's connection to the shipwreck? In 1960, Cliff Hendricks, Karen's uncle, claimed ownership of the Iredale, saying he inherited it from his grandfather's estate, and that he intended to remove and salvage what was left.

Karen hoped the reunion would illuminate "the history of the Peter Iredale, and my grandfather, Robert Hendricks, and the controversial impact it took on when my Uncle Cliff wrote an article for the Oregon City newspaper."

"What seemed like a joke to my uncle at the time turned into much more than anyone had expected!" Karen noted. Her uncle's claim was met with several threats from Clatsop County, including: Arrest for abandoning a vehicle on a public highway, 54 years of property rental fees and personal property taxes, and, according to The Daily Astorian, "possible bodily harm from such groups as the Astoria Clowns, Royal Chinooks, Clatsop Historical Society and others which have offered to stand guard over the Iredale and defend it physically if necessary" (<http://tinyurl.com/ireclaim>).

The furor over his claim on the Iredale may have been a tempest in a teapot, but Karen's interest in the shipwreck is genuine. She even found, and has corresponded with, Thomas Iredale of Germany, grandson of the original owner. "As long as the Peter Iredale is there," Karen declared, "we will continue to share the story."

3.20.15

2-22-2008



Bowsprit has a weight problem

The Ear has heard many tales about where the missing BOWSPRIT OF THE PETER IREDALE SHIPWRECK might be. As it turns out, none of them were right. Or even close, for that matter.

DICK MATTSON of Warrenton called the Ear last Friday to say he had found the bowsprit in FORT STEVENS STATE PARK. He was horrified that such a significant chunk (literally) of maritime history is outdoors, exposed to the elements. Would the Ear go photograph the bowsprit? Of course.

The Ear was sad to see that the bowsprit, between 15 and 20 feet long, has rusted badly, has holes in it and is generally in poor shape.

Mattson thinks that the bowsprit should be moved, preserved and put

on display out of harm's way so everyone can see it. A good idea, but problematic. There's the expense to consider, for one thing. No one knows how much it weighs, but it's solid metal, so there's also a weight factor to consider. More troubling yet, there is reason to worry that it will fall apart if moved. And even if all of those problems were solved, where should it go?

Anyone out there have the means and/or a method to SAVE THE BOWSPRIT? If so, contact the Ear, and the information will be forwarded.

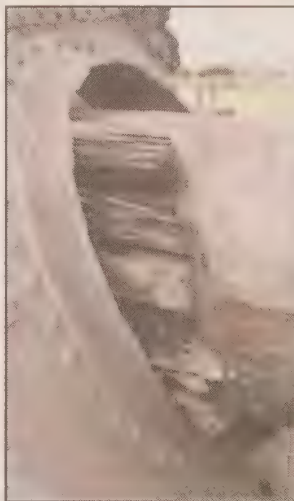




Photo by Julia Nevan

Rusted Relic

A late summer crowd gathers around the bare hull of the shipwrecked Peter Iredale during a low tide. For a fascinating history British ship, which went down on Oct.25, 1906 off the Columbia River, see Leslie Shepherd's article on Page 3.

Peter Iredale has fascinating history

By Leslie H. Shepherd

The skeleton of the *Peter Iredale*, one of the most publicized and photographed shipwrecks of the Pacific Coast, is located at the northwestern tip of Oregon, near Hammond. A British bark, she was built in 1890 by Ritson & Company of Mayport, England, for Iredale and Porter. One of the few iron hulled sailing ships, she was among the finest and largest vessels of her day, weighing 2,075 gross tons, with a length of 287-1/2 feet and a 40-foot beam. The *Peter Iredale* gave sixteen years of service before October 25, 1906, when she became a victim of the area off the mouth of the Columbia River known as the graveyard of the Pacific.

Although her home port was Liverpool, the four-masted sailing ship was a familiar sight on the Columbia River. On this final, fateful voyage, the *Peter Iredale* was bound for Portland, Oregon, to pick up wheat to bring to the British Isles. Her last master, Captain H. Lawrence, offered a bonus to his crew if five days could be cut from the expected sailing time, but she encountered much fog and rain on her way up the coast from Salina Cruz, Mexico. When the first mate expressed concern about keeping up such a fast pace in the dense fog, Captain Lawrence replied, "I've made this passage eight times before. Maintain top speed!"

At 2 a.m. October 25, 1906, the captain sighted Tillamook Light, and informed the crew that he intended to stand by near the mouth of the Columbia River and pick up a bar pilot after daybreak.

Four hours later, the crew scrambled up on deck, for they heard the lookout shout, "Breakers ahead!" The men tried to bring her around, but the currents, rising tide and strong southerly winds fought them and slammed the vessel into the sandy beach a few miles south of the Columbia's mouth.

Captain Lawrence later recounted that "the first shock sent the mizzen top hamper overboard, and when she struck again, parts of other masts snapped like pipe stems."

Meanwhile, it had been an uneventful night for the men on duty at the Point Adams Lifesaving Station in Hammond. According to Surfman No. 5, G. F. Petersen, the night of October 25, 1906, was stormy but not severe enough to cause undue alarm.

The Point Adams station of the United States Lifesaving Service (predecessor of the present U.S.

Coast Guard) alerted its crew for possible emergencies, as was customary during inclement weather. At about 8 a.m. a patrolman stationed on the beach spotted the floundering ship and ran to the Point Adams Lighthouse to telephone the Lifesaving Station and notify them of the situation.

Once the lifesaving crew was mobilized, it took them about 1 and 1/2 hours to haul their surf boat and other rescue equipment by mule-driven wagon the two miles from Hammond to the *Peter Iredale*. The crew was forced to maneuver the wagon around many patches of quicksand, and by the time they arrived at the wreck, the ship's crew had lowered her two anchors, hoping to right her and keep her afloat just offshore. The surf kept pounding at her, however; and the tide was coming in, pushing the ship farther and farther ashore.

When the lifesaving crew reached the site they shot a line by cannon to the ship, then began setting up a tripod for the breeches buoy. (A breeches buoy is a pair of short-legged canvas breeches suspended from a belt-like life ring. This, enclosing the person to be rescued, is hung from ropes by a block which runs from a hawser stretched from ship to shore and is drawn to land by hauling lines.)

The surf boat was not put into use immediately, but was used later, not to rescue any of the crew, but to salvage some of their personal belongings.

All of the *Peter Iredale*'s crew and her captain were brought ashore with no particular problems. Captain Lawrence, the last to be rescued, carried ashore with him the ship's log, a sextant and

a bottle of whiskey. He then thanked everyone for their help, turned to the *Peter Iredale*, came to attention and saluted her, saying "May God bless you and may your bones bleach in the sands." He then turned to the men around him and offered each a drink.

The people of Hammond and the surrounding communities took the men of the *Peter Iredale* into their homes and cared for them until the British vice-consul made arrangements for getting them back to England.

Mr. Petersen recalled that among the rescued was also a large hog, which he judged weighed in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. The hog had the run of the beach for several days before it disappeared. There was little doubt that the hog had ended up in someone's pantry, since salt pork was considered a delicacy, and all well-equipped households had a pork barrel.

The only human life lost was that of a sightseer. A group of young men went out to the wreck a few days after it occurred. On their way back to shore a 26-year-old man fell out of their small rowboat. His body washed ashore a couple of days later.

The *Peter Iredale* is the only wreck still visible on Oregon's northern Pacific coast. It can be seen on the beach at Fort Stevens State Park near Hammond, Oregon.



Peter Iradale.

Resurrection of the barque "Peter Iredale"?

By Thomas P. Iredale

Almost coincidental with the 100th anniversary year of the death in 1899 of the Cumbrian mariner and shipowner, after whom this ship was named, the *Peter Iredale* has revealed herself once more to the incredible stares of the people flocking to see her.



Built in 1890, among the last of the sailing ships built by Ritsons of Maryport, Cumbria, and side-launched into the River Ellen, this 4-masted steel barque [bark] of 2075 gross registered tons, was almost three hundred feet long, with

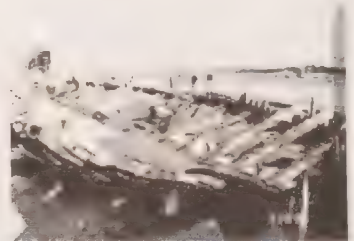
royal sails above double-top and topgallant sails and one of the sleekest ships of her time. As part of the fleet belonging to P. Iredale & Porter Ltd of Liverpool, the *Peter Iredale* was mainly engaged in the cargo trade with the Americas and was a true "Cape Horner".



On that fateful night of the 25th of October 1906, she was making course for the Columbia River en route from Salina Cruz, Mexico for Portland, Oregon, with a 1.000 tons of ballast, when she was driven ashore by a fearful storm at Clatsop Beach, Port [Point] Adams. The impact of her grounding causing her to lose her upper spars, which came crashing down on the deck. None of the crew of 27 (including 2 stowaways) were

injured and they were rescued by the lifeboat at Hammond. A Naval Court investigating the accident in November 1906 in Astoria, Oregon, cleared the Master, Captain G.A. Lawrence, of any blame in losing the ship.

The wreck became a major tourist attraction on the Pacific coast of Oregon and is possibly the most photographed shipwreck in the world. During the 93 years she languished in the surf, (and was also shelled by a Japanese submarine in WW2), she could only be seen at low tide, but as sand had covered most of her, only the stern was visible. In the winter of 1999, terrible storms caused a great deal of sand erosion at Clatsop Beach, removing hundreds of tons of sand and silt out of the wreckage.



David and Janice Crawford, who have lived about a mile away from the wreck site since 1955, said they have never before seen so much of the ship. "History uncovered." is how they put it.

Another local resident, Jean McKinney, a freelance maritime researcher at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria, Oregon, described it simply as "exciting". The event has attracted hundreds of people, curious to see the Peter Iredale in her rare, revealing state.



A hundred years ago in 1899, Peter Iredale died in Rock Ferry, across the River Mersey from Liverpool, England, after a long career totally linked with the sea - as a sailor, master mariner, ship owner and shipowner. Working up to a month before his death at 76, Peter Iredale eventually succumbed to heart failure and pneumonia. With approximately 100 crew and passengers, the ship was wrecked on the rocks of Rock Ferry, near the mouth of the Mersey, where it was carrying a cargo of coal and other goods. The ship was found by a local fisherman, who reported the wreck to the local authorities. The ship was then raised and moved to the Rock Ferry shipyard, where it was preserved as a museum.

The Peter Iredale is now a museum ship, and is open to the public on Saturdays. The ship is a fine example of a 19th-century sailing ship, and is a testament to the maritime heritage of the region. The ship is a fine example of a 19th-century sailing ship, and is a testament to the maritime heritage of the region. The ship is a fine example of a 19th-century sailing ship, and is a testament to the maritime heritage of the region.

Old Wreck Still Visible

By AIDA DAY

A-B Correspondent

WARRENTON (Special) — More than half a century has passed since the Peter Iredale was forced to bow to the will of the elements and was cast upon the shores of Clatsop Beach. Though constantly bombarded by ocean waves at high tide and often buffeted by gale-like winds, the rusty relic

still proudly stands, it would seem almost in defiance of the elements that would destroy it completely.

The Peter Iredale, a four-masted British bark, was a steel sailing vessel, one of the few of its kind constructed between the era of wooden sailing ships and the more modern steam-propelled steel vessels. Fashioned of steel plates and iron frames, she weighed 2,075 tons and measured 278 feet from stern to stern.

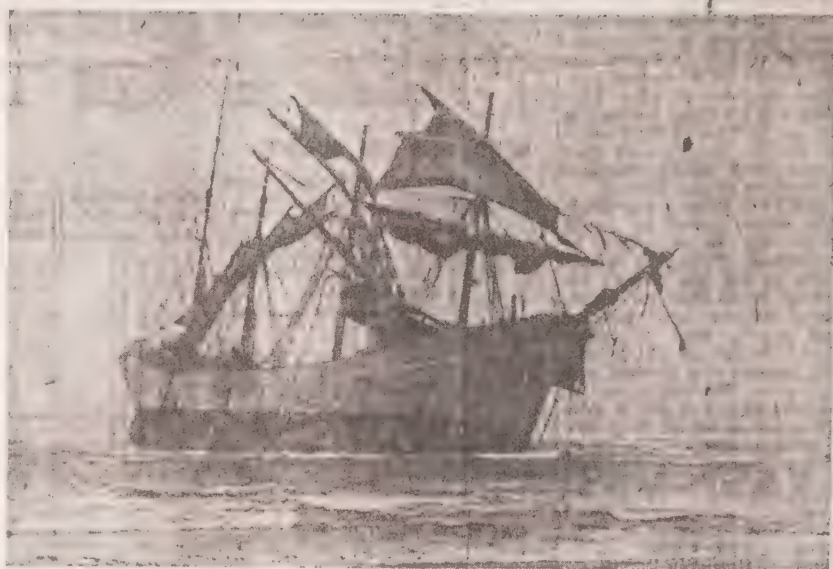
She had seen but 15 years of service when she ran aground on Clatsop Spit the morning of October 25, 1906. In ballast and 28 days out from Salina Cruz, Mexico, the ship was bound for Portland to take on a cargo of wheat. The Iredale went ashore a few miles south of the Columbia river jetty. The Point Adams lifesaving crew and a detail of soldiers from Fort Stevens answered her distress signals. Moving their rescue equipment to the scene of the wreck, they removed the 20 men from the ship without casualty.

Master Reports

Captain H. Lawrence, master of the wrecked ship gave this report to the Astoria Daily Budget reporter who interviewed him that day on the beach:

"I picked up the Tillamook Light at 2 a.m. and immediately called all hands to set all sails, intending to stand off for the mouth of the Columbia and pick up a pilot by day. A heavy south-east wind blew and a strong current prevailed and before the vessel could be veered around, she was in the breakers and all efforts to keep her off were unavailing.

"The first shock sent the miz-



The wreck of the Peter Iredale, which went aground on Clatsop Beach more than a half century ago, still stands for sightseers to see. Of the many ships that were cast on the beach, hers are the only visible remains. Half-buried in the sand, the Peter Iredale has been the subject of many photographs. Located on the beach about four miles

south of the south jetty, the wreck is accessible by county road. From Highway 101, turn off at the Ridge road in Warrenton and follow the highway signs to Fort Stevens park. The wreck is on the beach directly west of the park entrance. The above photo was taken the day the ship came ashore. (Photo courtesy of Marguerite Braley)

zen top hamper overboard and when she struck again, parts of other masts snapped like pipe stems. It was a miracle that none of the crew was killed by the falling masts as the ship pounded in the surf. After the crew had escaped the danger of falling debris, all hands were summoned aft as the vessel ran up on the shelving sands with little violence. I told them to abandon ship. The Point Adams surf boat was soon alongside and took all hands quickly and safely ashore."

Salvage Hoped

Because the vessel's hull was hardly damaged from stranding, the ship's captain as well as observers had high hopes of salvage. However, salvage operations failed; and the ship, listing severely to starboard and half

buried in the sands, was finally abandoned.

Of the 100 or more ships of cargo size which have gone down off the north beaches, the Peter Iredale alone remains not totally claimed by the sands of Clatsop Beach. Even though the ship is down to her gunwales in the sand, her prow and bowsprit still point imploringly to the sky.



*The Oregonian Friday
Oct 27 1961*

Time And Tides Gradually Destroy Coastal Landmark



PETER IREDALE, British bark, went ashore on Clatsop beach Oct. 25, 1906, and most 55 years to the day, bowsprit final-

ly gave way; tumbled off. Hull never sank beneath the sand and bark has been a big attraction in Ft. Stevens State Park.



ILY SHIPWRECK visible on the Oregon coast in 1951 was the Peter Iredale. Dot-

ted line shows bowsprit that fell off earlier this week after some 55 years of storms.



BRITISH BARK, its bowsprit having fallen off earlier this week, still rides high at low tide at Astoria. Four-master Peter Iredale is most

photographed landmark in Astoria area. Crew of 20 was rescued 55 years ago when bark went aground. (Photograph by Ed Henry)

Ripley's—Believe It or Not!



THE PETER IREDALE

AN IRON FREIGHTER
WRECKED NEAR THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
COLUMBIA RIVER
OFF OREGON, IN 1906
IS STILL VISIBLE
AFTER 68 YEARS

ELKA
A
WITCH
DOCTOR
OF THE
WAI WAI
TRIBE
AMAZON
VALLEY
BECAME A
CHRISTIAN
MISSIONARY



ALBINO PUMPKIN
21" IN CIRCUMFERENCE
Submitted by
MRS. JOS. TALANGES,
WORTH, ILLINOIS











colors of the United
local fishing vessels
arly 1990s when the
rest and relaxation



Shipwrecked *Peter Iredale* has spent 107 years on Northern Oregon beach

This article was originally published in the *Columbia Press* on Sept. 15, 1989.

By Leslie H. Shepherd

The skeleton of the *Peter Iredale*, one of the most publicized and photographed shipwrecks of the Pacific Coast, is located at the northwestern tip of Oregon, near Hammond. A British bark, she was built in 1890 by Ritson & Company of Mayport, England for Iredale and Porter. One of the few iron-hulled sailing ships, she was among the finest and largest vessels of her day, weighing 2,075 gross tons, with a length of 287½ feet and a 40-foot beam. The *Peter Iredale* gave sixteen years of service before October 25, 1906, when she became a victim of the area off the mouth of the Columbia River known as the graveyard of the Pacific.

Although her home port was Liverpool, the four-masted sailing ship was a familiar sight on the Columbia River. On this final, fateful voyage, the *Peter Iredale* was bound for Portland, Oregon, to pick up wheat to bring to the British Isles. Her last master, Captain H. Lawrence, offered a bonus to his crew if five days could be cut from the expected sailing time, but she encountered much fog and rain on her way up the coast from Salina Cruz, Mexico. When the first mate expressed concern about keeping up such a fast pace in the dense fog, Captain Lawrence replied, "I've made this passage eight times before. Maintain top speed!"

At 2 a.m. October 25, 1906, the captain sighted the Tillamook Light, and informed the crew that he intended to stand by near the mouth of the Columbia River and pick up a bar pilot after daybreak.

Four hours later, the crew scrambled up on deck, for they heard the lookout shout, "Breakers ahead!" The men tried to bring her around, but the currents, rising tide, and strong southerly winds fought them, and slammed the vessel into the sandy beach a few miles south of the Columbia's mouth.

Captain Lawrence later recounted that "the first shock sent the mizzen top hamper overboard, and when she struck again, parts of other masts snapped like pipe stems."

Meanwhile, it had been an uneventful night for the men on duty at



the Point Adams Lifesaving Station in Hammond. According to Surfman No. 5, G. F. Petersen, the night of October 25, 1906, was stormy but not severe enough to cause undue alarm.

The Point Adams station of the United States Lifesaving Service (predecessor of the present U.S. Coast Guard) alerted its crew for possible emergencies, as was customary during inclement weather. At about 8:00 a.m. a patrolman stationed on the beach spotted the floundering ship and ran to the Point Adams Lighthouse to telephone the Lifesaving Station and notify

them of the situation.

Once the lifesaving crew got mobilized, it took them about 1½ hours to haul their surf boat and other rescue equipment by mule-driven wagon the two miles from Hammond to the *Peter Iredale*. The crew was forced to maneuver the wagon around many patches of quicksand, and by the time they arrived at the wreck, the ship's crew had lowered her two anchors, hoping to right her and keep her afloat just offshore. The surf kept pounding at her, however, and the tide was coming in, pushing the ship farther and farther ashore.

When the lifesaving crew reached the site, they shot a line by cannon to the ship, then began setting up a tripod for the breeches buoy. (A breeches buoy is a pair of short-legged canvas breeches suspended from a belt-like life ring. This, enclosing the person to be rescued, is hung from ropes by a block which runs from a hawser stretched from ship to shore, and is drawn to land by hauling lines.)

The surf boat was not put into use immediately, but was utilized later; not to rescue any of the crew, but to salvage some of their personal belongings.

All of the *Peter Iredale*'s crew and her captain were brought ashore with no particular problems. Captain Lawrence, the last to be rescued, carried ashore with him the ship's log, a sextant and a bottle of whiskey. He then thanked everyone for their help, turned to the "Peter Iredale," came to attention and saluted her, saying "May God bless you and may

Continued on page 3

Peter Iredale has place in local history

continued from page 1

your bones bleach in the sands." He then turned to the men around him and offered each a drink.

The people of Hammond and the surrounding communities took the men of the *Peter Iredale* into their homes and cared for them until the British vice-consul made arrangements for getting them back to England.

Mr. Petersen recalled that among the rescued was also a large hog, which he judged weighed in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. The hog had the run of the beach for several days before it disappeared. There was little doubt that the hog had ended up in someone's pantry, since salt pork was considered a delicacy, and all well-equipped

households had a pork barrel.

The only human life lost was that of a sightseer. A group of young men went out to the wreck a few days after it occurred. On their way back to shore a 26-year-old man fell out of their small rowboat. His body washed ashore a couple of days later.

The *Peter Iredale* is the only wreck still visible on Oregon's northern Pacific coast. It can be seen on the beach at Fort Stevens State Park near Hammond, Oregon.

(Author Leslie H. Shepherd, former town clerk/administrator for the town of Hammond, is married to John F. Shepherd, Jr. the great-grandson of GF Petersen. They live in Hammond.)



The *Peter Iredale* shortly after going aground near Hammond in 1906.

He was last of Peter Iredale's rescuers

By Leslie Shepherd

Gottfried Ferdinance Petersen was the last survivor of the *Peter Iredale*'s rescuers when he died in September, 1949. He was born April 13, 1871, in the town of Thumby, province of Schleswig Holstein, Germany. Petersen immigrated to America in 1889, landing in New York on June 22 and arriving in Astoria, Oregon, just eight days later.

In 1898, Petersen was granted citizenship, and that autumn volunteered for duty in the lifesaving service, responding to the government's call for volunteers.

Petersen spent 15 months at Peterson Point Station in Westport, Washington, and then was discharged for physical disability. He re-enlisted in September, 1900, and became a crewman at Point Adams Station in Hammond, Oregon, where he was stationed until April 7, 1908, when he was discharged at his own request.

Petersen lived in Hammond until 1910, then moved his family to the Lewis and Clark area southwest of Astoria. Of his five children, three sons and a daughter were born in Hammond. One of his sons, Conrad Waldemar Petersen lived in Hammond until his death in May, 1988. G.F. Petersen's granddaughter (Conrad's daughter), Carolyn M. Petersen Shepherd lives in Hammond with her husband, John.



1999

After
Storm

Feb. 28-1999

Recovery by
Shepherd





John Shepherd
TAN JACKET
Wife Carol

Peter Iredale
uncovered after
storm















BRITISH SHIP "GALENA". STRANDED
NOV 13 TH, 1906, CLATSOP BEACH, OREG.





July 19 1924 - 5th Anniv. - Founding of Longview wa







Peter Iredale
Early 1950's

"WRECK PETER IREDALE"





Warrenton High School



1950



Peter Iredale wrecked 1906





1950's

Peter McDale



Peter Fredale

1950's

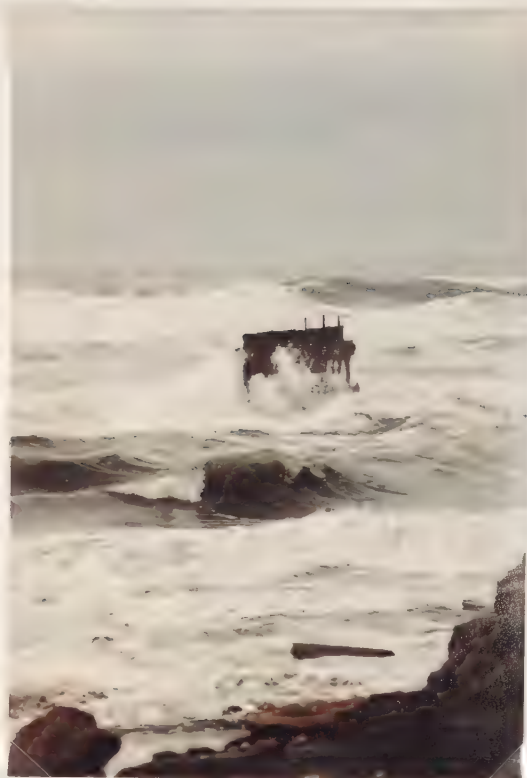


Photo 1983
by Dine



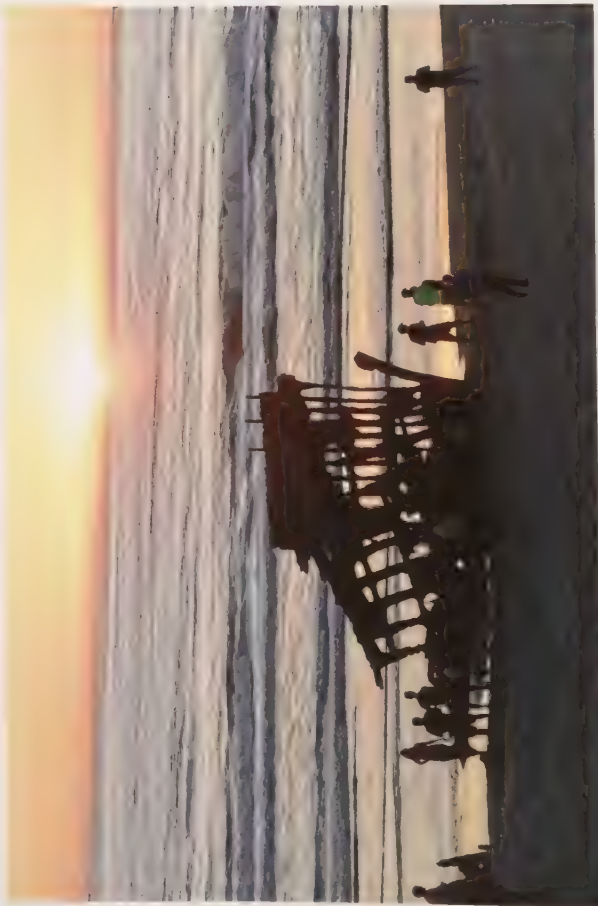
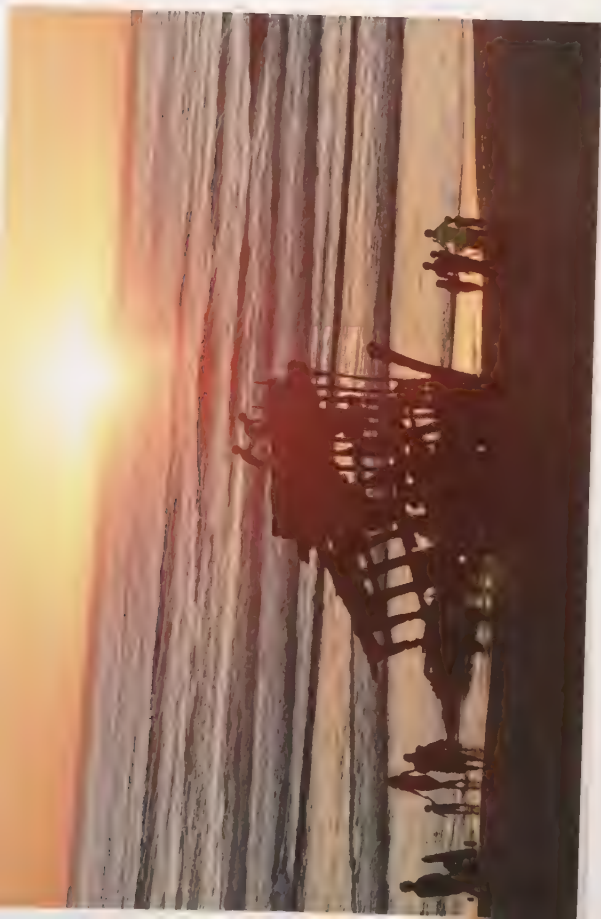


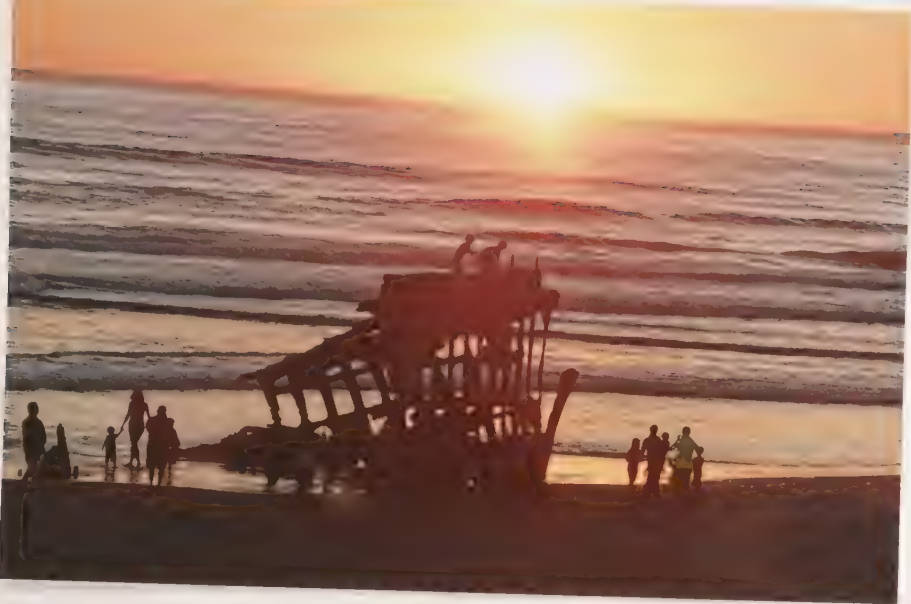


9. Feb 2011

7h

70 km/h





9-26-2011 7:30 PM
Pebbles



9-26-2014
76°
Decent
No wind





9-26-2014
76 K
Doubtless
Doubtless

9/26/2014 76°
H. Wind





Aug. 2015





Sing a song of shipwreck

The Ear got a surprise email the other day from MICHAEL BRYANT, pictured inset, a Portland songwriter who writes and records under the name EAGLE MCCALL.

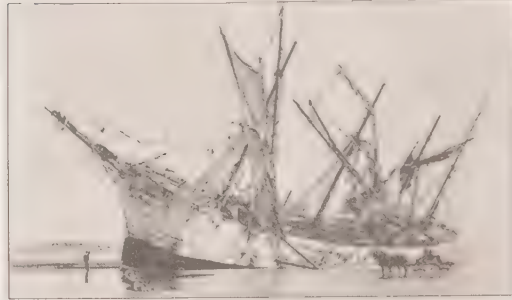
"I am a passionate maritime enthusiast and have written a song titled 'THE SONG OF THE PETER IREDALE,' which tells the story of the Iredale wreck on Clatsop Spit near Astoria," he wrote. "The song has received airplay on the National Public Radio affiliates along the Oregon and California coasts, and is on the playlist of 50 radio stations nationwide. The song has also been entered into the Clatsop County Historical Society archives in Astoria, due largely to the historical accuracy of the lyrics."

Michael's song can be found at <http://tinyurl.com/eagleiredale>. Give a listen – and follow the lyrics, which are there, too.

"My goal is to raise awareness of the Peter Iredale story everywhere," he revealed, "but I particularly want to raise that awareness locally. I am constantly surprised by the number of local folks, as well as tourists, who are hungry for local history, but who have no knowledge of the ship's remains on the beach, or of its story."

"I am in the early stages of writing a book and planning a trip to the once grand shipyard of Maryport, England," Michael added, "where the Peter Iredale was built in 1890, and where the descendants of the patriarch and master shipbuilder, Peter Iredale, still live."

A PROPER SENDOFF



Sunday is the 109th anniversary of the 258-foot four-masted steel ship **Peter Iredale** running aground on **Oct. 25, 1906**. You can read the news in the **Morning Oregonian** (cost 5 cents) (<http://tinyurl.com/iredalenews>). The wreck is shown in a photo by **Leo Simon**.

According to the **Oregon History Project** (<http://tinyurl.com/ohpiredale>), caught in a squall, **Capt. H. Lawrence** said that against a "heavy southeast wind and strong current ... she was in the breakers and all efforts to keep her off (the beach) were unavailing."

Luckily, aside from being cold, wet and miserable, no one was seriously injured in the incident. Rockets were set off, and members of the **Point Adams lifesaving station** braved the elements to rescue all 27 crewman, and even two stowaways.

Declared "in no wise to blame," the captain and his officers were cleared of any possible wrongdoing by the Naval Court at the British Vice-Consulate in Astoria Nov. 13, 1906.

As a historical footnote, it should not be forgotten that the good captain gave the Iredale a proper send-off. The Oregon History Project says: "**William K. Inman**, one of the lifesavers ... remembered that the red-bearded captain stood stiffly at attention, saluted his ship, and said, 'May God bless you and may your bones bleach in these sands.' He then turned and addressed his men with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. 'Boys,' he said, 'have a drink.'"

Peter D. D. 1983
Pointe à la Pêche
Culivie



Searching for shipwreck turns into arduous task

Warrenton — You want confusing? Try to find an object, even a very large one, amid the evergreens, alders and undergrowth that blanket the western swath of Fort Stevens State Park all the way to the foredune. This former saltwater-scrubbed intertidal zone was transformed during the last century into a formidable forest that's presently traversed mainly by deer, elk, coyote, rabbits and mushroom foragers.

It's an ideal place to hide, say, a shipwreck. Now most local residents realize that the sometimes treacherous waters at and near the mouth of the Columbia River, visible from much of Fort Stevens, are a graveyard of maritime disasters numbering in the hundreds. Most famous is the Peter Iredale, a British sailing vessel that came ashore in October 1906 and almost a century later remains imbedded in its sandy resting place.

Of lesser repute is the Cairnsmore, another British sailing vessel that stranded in the same vicinity on a foggy September morning 22 years and 11 months earlier. As with the Iredale, all hands were rescued, but the ship was a total loss.

Unlike the Iredale, which was sailing in ballast (i.e., without a cargo, but still weighted to keep her hull lower in the water), the Cairnsmore was carrying machinery and 7,500 barrels of cement, which began leaking after she struck bottom on a perilously shallow stretch of water called Clatsop Spit. Within a matter of months, the vessel's hull became imbedded in the sand.

Because thousands of acres of land in and around Fort Stevens have been, literally, reclaimed from the ocean during construction of the South Jetty, dune stabilization and dredging, the contemporary Clatsop Spit is situated considerably farther north than when the Cairnsmore wrecked more than 119 years ago. The ocean has been "pushed back," a quarter mile in places, and the former Clatsop Spit is now part of the above-mentioned forest.

That fact didn't prevent Astorian Linda Dean and me from looking for what's left of the Cairnsmore. We had seen photos and four years ago had heard through the local historical grapevine that mushroom hunters had stumbled upon the wreck. Linda and I twice traipsed through the trees and tangled ground cover for hours — a heck of a workout both times — searching in vain for a scrap of anything that resembled that ancient windjammer.

In the company of her husband Norm, apparently a more proficient forest navigator than I, Linda actually located some of the Cairns-



Courtesy of the Columbia River Maritime Museum
The Cairnsmore, a British Bark, wrecked leaving the Columbia with a load of cement in 1883. The ship was pushed onto the beach near Fort Stevens by heavy surf. As the beach continued to grow, the Cairnsmore was left buried in the sand.

more's rusted metal fittings, but almost four years passed before I could accompany her back to the site, this time with Yvonne Starr, another Astoria history buff, in tow.

Sometimes the distance between two points turns out to be longer and the journey more arduous than expected. Dressed in old clothes and stout boots, our threesome stepped out of Linda's black Chevy Blazer into a stiff east wind.

It was a troublesome route, but he key to our success, Linda

announced, was finding the distinctive tree that marked our entry through a grove of shore pines.

With Linda leading, we pushed our way past a thicket of scrawny but scratchy brush, then trudged through a swampy morass and scrambled gingerly over logs buried in waist-high cut grass.

During the summer, this temperate jungle would be considerably denser with foliage. Now at least, we could see our way through the tangle of alder branches. But where was the Cairnsmore?

"You're standing on it," Linda proudly proclaimed. Sure enough, she brushed back a couple handfuls of undergrowth to reveal a two-foot-high section of what appeared to be rusted pipe. Nearby was a horizontal portion of another piece of metal. I dropped to all fours and

Related reading

The two best sources for learning about the fate of the Cairnsmore are "Pacific Graveyard" by James Gibbs and "Oregon Shipwrecks" by Don Marshall. Both books are available at the Columbia River Maritime Museum bookstore, 1792 Marine Drive, Astoria, (503) 325-2323.

began rummaging for more clues. Nothing materialized until Yvonne, using her foot as a sounding device, uncovered another chunk of ... well we hadn't a clue what the metal fragment was, but we were elated to find it.

Satisfied with our success, we returned to Linda's vehicle an hour or so later, a short seagull flight from where we were, but decidedly farther in terms of exertion. Not really exhausted, yet flush with our efforts, we discussed a subsequent visit and the need to keep the Cairnsmore's location between ourselves.

So if you're intrigued by shipwrecks and would like to take a look at the remains of the Cairnsmore for yourself, sorry, you're on your own. Linda, Yvonne and I are sworn to secrecy.

Richard Fencsak is the co-owner of Bikes & Beyond. His column runs the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in The Daily Astorian.

DA Pg 6 1-23-2003



This picture was taken in 1915 by Frank Woodfield near Warrenton, Oregon at the Flavel Docks. This passenger steamer "Great Northern", was one of two ships which ran 24-hour service between San Francisco and Flavel, weather permitting. A special steamer train from Portland, Oregon 100 miles up the Columbia River, met the passengers when the ship arrived. At that time prohibition was in effect in Oregon, but not in California. People from Astoria and vicinity were invited aboard ship before sailing to dances and parties. It is told that drinks were served aboard. The other ship was called the "North Pacific". These ships were owned by the "HILL LINE", which was connected with the SP&S rail-

road. After several years it was found that this venture proved unprofitable so the ships were sold. One ship was torpedoed during World War I. Also shown in this picture are numerous other types of boats. Near the bow of the Great Northern is the quarantine boat named "HULDA". This boat commuted the seven miles across the Columbia River to the quarantine station on the Washington side of the river. There all passengers and crewmen off sailing ships and steamers who had been to foreign shores, who had contracted any diseases, were kept until well.





SS. Muana
Sign Hung in
Jims Canteen
in Hammond

William
Baker
New York







Donated:
Red Ritola
6-14-2010

Magpies of the human variety

Collecting eccentric memorabilia becomes a passion



Submitted photo

The Kronprinzessin Cecilie, a passenger liner that wrecked near Cape Disappointment in 1900, resulted in no loss of life thanks to amazing local rescue efforts that evacuated passengers and crew. Much of the wreck still lies beneath the sands near the mouth of the Columbia.

Magpies aren't found on our coast, but there are plenty of the human variety.

Geniuses of the bird world, these crow cousins are famous for collecting shiny objects and flying them back to their tangly, treehouse-like nests for ongoing display and enjoyment. You might think magpie homes would be good places to paw through in search of gold nuggets and lost diamond rings, but regrettably their taste tends to run more to foil candy wrappers and bits of broken mirrors.



Amy
Winters

Human magpies also started out by collecting shiny things. Some still do. My wife springs to mind. I tell her that a comet hitting the earth wouldn't be all bad – she would easily become queen of a post-apocalypse

bead-based economy.

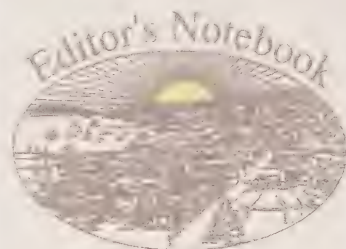
One of the attractions of archaeology, at least for laymen, is that it sometimes involves digging up the coins and baubles of our ancestors. Particularly in Britain and Europe where people have been losing rings and hiding valuables from invaders since the age of copper and bronze, the sport of metal detecting threatens to denude the soil of every glittering object.

In the Pacific Northwest where “lost” civilizations didn't have much metal, objects were mostly made of wood and stone. Here around the mouth of the Columbia, the powerful Clatsop and Chinook tribes – plus others whose names are barely remembered such as the Killoklaniuck – made household and ceremonial objects from perishable cedar and other woods. Judging by rare surviving examples collected by early white explorers, these tribes more than made up for in artistry what they lacked in precious metals. Entire houses were sculptures of a kind, now rotted away to nothing by time and our relentless climate.

In the modern day, men like me gather all sorts of eccentric items, not because they are shiny, useful or in-

trinsically beautiful, but because they tell stories. We aren't quite odd enough to actually hear things whispering to us, but they do spark our imaginations and give us things to talk about with fellow enthusiasts.

Avian magpies, according to Ask.com, “are attracted to shiny things because they use them to attract a partner. This is often



seen as a way to give them an edge over the other. They intend to attract a partner by keeping the shiny objects at strategic places or locations for them to see.” Human magpies, on the other hand, quickly learn to hide our obsessions from romantic partners. There aren't many wives or dates who want to learn of the glories of first-generation Evinrude outboards, 1890s oyster cans, Bergman decoys or Salish Sea stone net weights.

One of my favorite all-time collectors was fortunate in having a daughter who shared his passion for one special category of coastal artifact: photos and other materials pertaining to the shipwrecks and lifesavers of the late-18th through mid-20th centuries. Wayne O'Neil published the *Chinook Observer* from 1963 to 1984, and as a U.S. Coast Guard veteran, he took a passionate interest in all things nautical.

When I moved to Long Beach in

Photos of wrecks were uncommon in early Pacific and Clatsop County newspapers.



Submitted photo

The Zampa wrecked near Ocean Park, Wash., in 1904. The captain, his wife and crew of nine made it safely to shore. The ship was repaired and ended her career in Hawaii in 1926.

1991, Wayne was employing “pickers” around the country to find these materials. “I've got something to show you,” he'd say with a mischievous Irish smile, and reveal some astounding newly arrived one-of-a-kind photo of jetty construction or sailors struggling in the rigging of a grounded sailing ship. Photos of wrecks were uncommon in early Pacific and Clatsop County newspapers, which lacked the appropriate technolo-

gy to convert them in a timely way into formats suitable for newsprint. But real photo postcards portraying shipwrecks – often in high resolution and captured at dramatic moments – were reproduced and sold to residents and tourists. There are thousands of examples of some, but the ones Wayne collected were unique or nearly so.

Wayne died far too young – perhaps the victim of toxic printing solvents – but his daughter Peggy Mathena last year completed work on Wayne's book *Man & The Sea*, a collection of his photos and some of the most colorful stories about our local era of shipwrecks. A special limited edition is even printed on paper that washed ashore and was salvaged on the Long Beach Peninsula. See manandthesea.com for complete details and ordering information.

Few of us today would have the fortitude and reckless courage it took to sail the Pacific in storms like those that pound this coast. Events like the 91 mph wind that shook the area earlier this week are scary to drive in. Imagine what it would be like out on the open ocean in a creaking wooden vessel, with only the wind itself for power and the storm driving you toward this black shore.

It is stories like these that drive a few of us to collect the flotsam and jetsam of the past.

2.14.2014 — M.S.W.

Matt Winters is editor of the *Chinook Observer* and *Coast River Business Journal*.

75 years ago – 1939

Eli Jaasko and Charles Kato, Astoria gillnetters, barely escaped death before noon Monday when a steam schooner rammed and sank their boat in the Columbia River below Desdemona light, throwing the two men into the water.

As the steamer swung to a stop to see if the men were injured, another gillnetter, Jens Aslaksen, of Astoria, picked them out of the cold Columbia.

The two fishermen were unable to identify the steam schooner which rammed them, but the Whitney Olson was believed to in the vicinity at the time, bound from Warrenton to Knappton.

The fishermen said they had expected the steamer, which they saw coming down the ship channel to continue on toward sea, but that instead it swung out of the channel, evidently intending to head northward to the Knappton channel.

5.14.2014

By Finn J.D. John

On November 3, 1832, the 50-foot Japanese cargo vessel *Hojun Maru* left Ise Bay bound for Edo—the city now known as Tokyo. Its hold was full of rice and porcelain dishes from the south end of the Japanese archipelago, to be traded for salt fish from the north.

One of the youngest members of the *Hojun Maru*'s 14-man crew was a 14-year-old boy named Otokichi, a cook's apprentice.

Otokichi and his shipmates couldn't know it, but when they stepped aboard at Ise Bay, they were leaving their homeland forever.

The *Hojun Maru*'s fate stemmed from a political decision made 200 years before. In 1637, the Shogunate government of Japan had decreed the island nation closed. No one was allowed to enter, and no one was allowed to leave, on pain of death.

There was, however, an enforcement problem with the Shogunate's decree. The sea was both Japan's main highway system and a vital source of its food. The island nation had a massive fishing and trading fleet, staffed by some of the world's most skilled mariners. What was to stop these mariners from becoming smugglers?

So the government ordered a change in the configuration of all Japanese vessels. All Japanese merchant and fishing ships of seaworthy design, suitable for deepwater navigation, were to be destroyed. Henceforth, all Japanese ships and boats would have open sterns and large square rudders—well suited for close-in coastal work in fair weather, but completely unfit for the conditions of the open sea.

This worked. But there was an unintended consequence. Actually, there were thousands of them. And the *Hojun Maru* was about to join them.

The thing was, it didn't take much of a gale to strip those big square rudders away. And if that happened far enough from shore, unless the winds were absolutely perfect, the crew of that boat was as good as dead. Without a means of staying square against the sea, the ship would quickly

around into the "trough of the sea," or broadside to the waves, which would roll it fiercely until the masts either broke loose or were chopped free by the desperate crew.

At the mercy of the wind, the helpless ship would then be blown into the stream of the famous Kuroshio current—which, flowing past Japan a few dozen miles offshore, would carry ship and crew inexorably away into the open sea.

"Among Japanese mariners, the fear of being thus blown off their coast, has been an ever-threatening danger," writes author Charles W. Brooks, "and the memory of such time-honored accidents is a common feature in the traditions of every seaport settlement along the eastern coast of Japan."

The vast majority of these unfortunate castaways met their deaths in storms on the north Pacific, their ships foundering and sinking hundreds of miles from land, alone in the open sea. And this, in fact, is what the *Hojun Maru*'s crew members' families assumed had happened to them. They grieved and carved gravestones and chalked up another loss to their ruthless ocean.

But if a ship was carrying enough supplies when blown off the coast—enough to keep the crew alive for a year or more—they might just survive the ordeal. The Kuroshio Current, after merging into the North Pacific Current, crosses all the way across the Pacific Ocean to within a few hundred miles of the west coast of North America, moving at a rate of up to ten miles a day.

And this seems to have happened with some regularity. Brooks lists some 60 incidents of "junks" found on or near the West Coast over the years, and that's just the ones we know about. Brooks, who was the Japanese government's longtime commercial agent in San Francisco, believed it had happened often enough to infuse West Coast Native American tribes with recognizable elements of Japanese culture and language.

"Quite an infusion of Japanese words is found among some of the

May 2, 2014

COLUMBIA PRESS

OFFBEAT OREGON

Japanese shipwrecks on Oregon shores



Coast tribes of Oregon and California," he writes, "either pure, as 'tsche-tsche,' milk; or clipped, as 'hiaku,' speed, found reduced to 'hyack,' meaning fast ... or 'yaku,' evil genius in Japanese, similarly reduced to 'yak,' devil, by the Indians... Shipwrecked Japanese are invariably enabled to communicate understandingly with the coast Indians, although speaking quite a different language."

The story of the *Hojun Maru* all but proved Brooks' point. By the time the battered derelict was blown ashore in early 1834 near Cape Flattery in what's now Washington State, only three of its crew members still lived. Everyone else had died of scurvy after nearly a year and a half at sea eating nothing but rice.

The castaways were found by a party of Makah Tribe seal hunters, and taken as slaves—nursed back to health and put to work. But one of them—probably the ship's navigator, a 28-year-old man named Iwakichi—was an artist. On a piece of paper, he sketched their ship on the beach surrounded by Native Americans, and wrote a message on it. The Indians, fascinated, took the letter, passed it

around and eventually offered it in trade to Hudson's Bay Company employees at Fort Vancouver—where it fell into the hands of Chief Factor John McLoughlin, the "Father of Oregon."

McLoughlin looked at the kanji characters written on the letter with some astonishment. How, he wondered, could anyone from the Far East have managed to get shipwrecked here, at the opposite corner of the Earth?

He promptly dispatched his stepson, Thomas McKay, to find and ransom the Japanese mariners, and after a few complications, this was done.

And that's how the three long-suffering mariners came to live at Fort Vancouver, in what was then known as Oregon Territory.

Otokichi and his comrades lived in Vancouver for five months, learning English, before being sent around the horn to London.

The three of them subsequently sailed to Macao, where an ever-hopeful silk merchant hoped they might be his ticket to open commercial relations with the still-tightly-closed

Japanese markets. However, when he tried to bring them home to Edo Bay, they were rebuffed with cannon fire.

Otokichi doesn't seem to have minded. His services as a translator were already in high demand. He moved to Shanghai, changed his name to John Matthew Ottoson ("Oto-san") and married a British woman. When offered the chance to return to Japan in 1854, perhaps still miffed by his earlier attempt to return home, he declined.

(Sources: Tate, Cassandra. "Japanese Castaways of 1834: The Three Kichis," HistoryLink.org, 2009; Brooks, Charles Wolcott. *Japanese Wrecks Stranded and Picked Up Adrift in the North Pacific Ocean*. San Francisco: California Academy of Sciences, 1876; Gibbs, James Jr. *Pacific Graveyard*. Portland: Binfords, 1950)

Finn J.D. John teaches New Media at Oregon State University and is the author of "Wicked Portland," a book about the dark side of Oregon's metropolis in the 1890s. He produces a daily podcast at ofor.us/p. To contact him or suggest a topic: finn@offbeatoregon.com or 541-357-2222.

Offbeat Oregon History

Legendary Civil War ship came to an ignominious end in Coos Bay

By Finn J.D. John

On September 25, 1880, an old and battered but sleek steamship drew into the mouth of Coos Bay, at the end of its voyage from Portland.

As the vessel churned its way into the bay, it suddenly and definitively veered out of the channel and slammed directly into the bank of the bay, close by Rocky Point—hard aground.

All 20 passengers aboard the ship were safely removed from the ship, and barely inconvenienced; after all, the shipwreck had occurred at their destination. The cargo of coal was mostly removed without incident as well. But the ship itself was done for. It had hit the bank hard at the peak of high tide. It was stuck there.

So the wreckage was sold for salvage, and everyone moved on.

In the town of Coos Bay (then called Marshfield), the local paper reacted to the news with bland indifference.

"She will not be much missed at this place," the *Marshfield Coast Mail* newspaper remarked, "because in the matter of freighting for hire, her efforts of late have been 'how not to do it.'"

A few eyebrows did go up, though, when word got out that the ship had been fairly heavily insured—to the tune of \$7,500, or about \$170,000 in modern dollars. Plus, as it turned out, the steamer's insurance policy had just been upgraded; it seemed if the owners had wanted to commit insurance fraud, they could hardly have chosen a better way to do it.

"Her owners attach no blame to the officer (captain), and ascribe the accident to unknown causes," an article in the *Portland Oregonian* explained. "It has been the practice of the owners to run a heavy insurance in the winter, when navigation is dangerous, and to lighten the coverage in the summer months. The channel where she went ashore is the most difficult one; besides being very narrow, it is bordered on either side by a ridge of low rocks and a shoal."

Nonetheless, the captain never did specify how the ship came to grief—or if he did, none of the

newspapers saw fit to pick it up.

So the wreck disappeared into the mists of memory—a relatively boring mishap, eliminating a relatively nondescript steamship from a relatively unimportant coastwise freight run.

What most people didn't know was that the *Gussie Telfair* hadn't always been a slow, dumpy cargo steamer working drearily on the outskirts of civilization. In her prime, in the service of the Confederate States of America, the *Gussie Telfair* had been the closest thing to a pirate ship the 1860s had to offer.

The *Gussie Telfair* was originally named the *Gertrude*. It was built of iron in Scotland in 1863, specifically to run the Union blockade and trade with Confederate ports. The ship was a straight-up hot rod: 153 feet long and just 21 feet wide, rated at 350 tons, it was fitted with a screw propeller—a brand-new technology at the time. Its masts pivoted to reduce its silhouette, the better to sneak past Union warships, and its funnel telescoped for the same reason.

When the *Gertrude* was first launched, the Union's blockade was a bit of a joke. Actually, it was rather worse than a joke. By declaring a "blockade" of Southern ports, rather than simply declaring them "closed," President Lincoln had by implication recognized the sovereignty of the Confederacy over them. That meant that foreign powers were, by international law, free to trade with them, so long as they could get past the blockading warships. And so they did.

It's pretty unlikely that anything the Union had on blockade duty in 1863 could catch the *Gertrude*. In fact, the blockade ships couldn't catch much of anything at first. The Union had put all sorts of awful old scows out there, because they didn't have much to spare. Only one of them was even steam-powered when the blockade was first declared, back in '61. There were 3,500 miles of coastline to cover. It seemed impossible.

But over the following years, the federal navy got stronger and stronger. By the end of the war, there were 600 ships on blockade duty, in



The *Gussie Telfair* as it appeared shortly before it ran aground in Coos Bay. The sleek lines and stealthy portholes of the old blockade runner are still visible, despite the conspicuous white superstructures that had been added later for passenger comfort. (Image: Coos County Historical Museum)

addition to the warships that were regularly shelling Confederate port towns. The blockade was really hurting the South, which didn't make a lot of the stuff it needed to continue the fight.

By that time, though, the *Gertrude* was on the other side. The ship had barely started its career as a blockade runner when a federal ship, the *USS Vanderbilt*, managed to sneak up and capture it.

The Union Navy people knew a good thing when they saw one. So they mounted some artillery on the little speedster and sent it out under the stars and stripes to help enforce the blockade. And in this role, the *Gertrude* was a wonder.

Ten days into its new career as a Navy ship, the *Gertrude* captured the blockade runner *Warrior* after a nine-hour chase. Then it sank the *Ellen* the following January, followed the next year by the *Eco*. The *Gertrude's* brush with stardom came when it almost caught the legendary Confederate runner *Denbigh*, which only managed to get away by pitching \$10,000 worth of cotton overboard to lighten the

cargo load.

After the war, though, the *Gertrude's* glory days were over. Technology had raced ahead in the few years since it was built. What had been the fastest thing in the Gulf of Mexico back in 1863 was now just another aging, slowish, tiny, obsolete freighter.

Now re-named the *Gussie Telfair*, the old warhorse soldiered on for twenty mundane years making the Portland-Victoria run before finally being sold to Frank Bernard and put to work out of Coos Bay.

And that, of course, led to what was very likely an undignified little bit of dirty work in the line of insurance fraud, and the end of a once-proud warrior that had done a yeoman's job on both sides in the war of the century.

According to historian Don Marshall, as of 1984 it was still possible

to spot parts of the wreck near the jetty on the east side of Rocky Point at very low tides. Those bits may still be there, and if so, it's probably worth taking an afternoon to hunt them up. They're all that's left of one of what was, 150 years ago, one of the most storied warriors of the high seas.

(Sources: Marshall, Don. *Oregon Shipwrecks*. Portland: Binford, 1984; Marshfield Coast Mail, 02 Oct 1880; Portland Morning Oregonian, 28 Sep 1880, p4)

Finn J.D. John teaches *New Media* at Oregon State University and is the author of "*Wicked Portland*," a book about the dark side of Oregon's metropolis in the 1890s. He produces a daily podcast at ofor.us/p. To contact him or suggest a topic: finn@offbeatoregon.com or 541-357-2222.

**ONLINE AND IN PRINT:
THE COLUMBIA PRESS**
503-861-3331 THECOLUMBIAPRESS.COM



Model of the *USS Shark* in the U.S. Navy Museum

Coast River Business Journal: Boat of the Month June 2014

USS Shark

The schooner's mission was to disrupt the slave trade and combat piracy. The ship made several voyages to Africa before becoming the first U.S. man-of-war to sail east-west through the Strait of Magellan in December 1839. The ship was overhauled in Honolulu for an exploratory up the Columbia River.

The *Shark* sank Sept. 19, 1846, crossing the Columbia Bar after striking an uncharted shoal; Lt. Neil Howison was in command. All aboard were saved, but the schooner was destroyed.

One of the schooner's carronades was discovered north of Arch Cape in 1898 and gave the City of Cannon Beach its name. Two more were discovered in 2008 and recently went on display at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria.

The two carronades on display were discovered on the same beach as the one in 1898. These three guns are accounted for in the historical record of the wreck of the *USS Shark*. The two most recent finds were recovered by the staff at Nehalem Bay State Park and secured

for transport to Texas for conservation. The guns underwent cleaning and chemical treatment at the Conservation Research Lab at Texas A&M University for five years and have been loaned by the U.S. Navy for display at the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Because the *Shark* was a U.S. Navy vessel, all related material is property of the U.S. Navy, said Jeff Smith, curator of the CRMM.

In order to treat the artifacts, the guns and the carriages had to be separated from each other; dissimilar materials underwent separate processes (iron objects underwent different treatments than the wood, rope or other organic material recovered).

The artifacts will be on extended loan and went on display beginning May 24. The Columbia River Maritime Museum is open from 9:30 a.m. until 5 p.m., every day (except Thanksgiving and Christmas Day), admission is \$12 for adults, \$10 seniors, and \$5 children (6-17).

Sources: Navsource.org, Columbia River Maritime Museum

USS Shark

Built: Washington Navy Yard

Launched: May 17, 1821, Lt. Matthew C. Perry in command

Displacement: 198 tons

Length: 86 feet

Beam: 24 feet, 7 inches

Draft: 10 feet, 4 inches

Complement: 70 officers and men

Armament: 10 18-pound carronades, two 2.9-pound guns

Whale of a time

I read with great interest the request from George Kelly for a picture of the dynamiting of the beached whale many years ago. (In One Ear, *Daily Astorian*, Friday, May 26)

Unfortunately, he was just about two months too late for me to have sent him one after I dismantled my scrapbooks and disposed of a lot of memorabilia.

In late August 1937, my husband, Bob Lucas, was a reporter on the *Astorian-Budget* when he received a frantic call from G. Clifford Barlow, the colorful mayor of Warrenton.

He said the putrid carcass of a whale had

Daily Astorian
6-9-2000

7A

washed ashore north of the wreck of the Peter Iredale and he had assumed its removal would be under the jurisdiction of the state highway department. That agency, however, insisted that the area was the responsibility of the city of Warrenton. And the city had no idea how to dispose of it or how to finance the project.

Bob wrote the story for the paper and the Associated Press and received calls saying dynamiting the whale was the answer to the problem. So, he contacted a college friend working for the Atlas Powder Company in Portland. They agreed to send a demolition expert and the necessary supplies if there were newsreel coverage.

This Bob arranged and a powderman arrived, put on a mask and distributed 450 pounds of dynamite around the huge mound of rotting flesh. All spectators were advised to stand far away and the Atlas man went about 150 yards into the dunes and hit the plunger.

Huge chunks of flesh, some as large as 8 feet square, were hurled high in the air and smaller pieces, noxious gasses and whale oil spread over a half mile of the beach. Bob was so nauseated that he got one very poor picture before he was too sickened to snap any more. Even the newsreel photographer retched and cut short his filming.

Many of the spectators, ourselves included, had clothing and heads covered with the oil and, when we went to our car, parked much farther down the beach, its exterior glistened with whale oil.

Our shoes reeked of the foul odor and we took them to the shoe shine parlor on Commercial Street, where the men scrubbed them, rubbed them with a neutralizing shoe polish. All was well until we sat in a warm room and the terrible smell returned.

Barlow and others had been concerned because the whale's washing ashore was just in advance of the Astoria Regatta, at which time many people visit the Peter Iredale. Fortunately for everyone the scattered remains of the whale disappeared within 24 hours, thanks to wind, waves, sea gulls and crabs.

There have been numerous other whales that have washed ashore, but to our knowledge this was the first one in Oregon, so it received lots of publicity and was even a segment of a Pacific Power and Light radio program called *Northwest Neighbors*.

Needless to say, it is something those who witnessed it have never forgotten.

PEGGY LUCAS
Tigard

OFFBEAT OREGON

The ones that got away: Almost-shipwrecks on the Columbia Bar

By Finn J.D. John

The merciless waters of the Columbia River Bar are not known for easily giving up their prey once they've trapped a ship on their sandy shoals. But over the years, it has happened now and again—and the stories of these survivors are always interesting.

The Queen of the Pacific

There was no hint of irony in mind when the passenger liner *Queen of the Pacific* was launched in Philadelphia in 1882. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company of San Francisco had spared no expense. Competition on the San Francisco-Portland line was at its peak, and the *Queen's* owners intended to have the very finest steamer on the route.

And so they did. The 2,727-ton floating palace arrived at the Golden Gate late that year and was greeted with cheering crowds. Under the command of Captain Ezekiel Alexander, she immediately started making money easily and rapidly.

That's probably why, when word arrived in the San Francisco offices that the *Queen* had run aground on Clatsop Spit just a year after she went into service, the word that went back was something along the lines of a blank check.

The stranding had been a straightforward one, and no one had been hurt. The weather had been mild, but very foggy, and the vessel had drifted out of the channel and stuck fast in the sandy bottom on the Oregon side. Of course, the instant the hull touched, the engineer put her into full reverse, but it was too late.

The situation was made more embarrassing by the fact that the passenger list included some very prominent Californians, coming to Portland to witness the driving of the last golden spike to mark the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

So the Pacific Coast Steamship Company sent the word along: Save our ship, no matter what the cost.

Accordingly, the next day when the tide was looking good, the biggest collection of salvage tugs ever seen on the bar appeared to lend a hand—knowing doing so would give them a great chance to collect. Soon five powerful salvage tugs—the *C.J. Brenham*, *Astoria*, *Columbia*,

Pioneer and *General Miles*—had massive hawsers on the stranded liner and were joining their forces with that of the *Queen of the Pacific's* engines. The huge hawsers stretched tight, strained, occasionally snapped; but the big tugboats were patient, and no sooner was one broken than another was being slipped on the *Queen*.

Finally, at the apex of high tide, the stranded liner started to creep slowly backward into deeper water. By the time the tide was starting to ebb again, the liner was free, and all six ships celebrated the victory with blast after blast on their whistles.

Had the *Queen of the Pacific* known what was coming, her captain might not have been so happy. After all the negotiation and litigation that followed, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's blank check ended up being worth \$65,000—which comes to roughly \$1.5 million in modern money.

Not bad for one afternoon's work.

The *Queen* was worth the ransom, though. She went on to have a long and lucrative career before finally being bought for scrap metal by Imperial Japan in 1938.

The Sidi

The list of people who know what it's like to total one's car while the new-car smell is still lingering in the air is a short one, and none of us would ever want to be on it.

But if you, by some mischance, are on that list, you will be able to relate to the predicament of Captain J. Hill of the French brig *Sidi*.

The *Sidi* was eight months out of her natal shipyard and crossing the bar on Valentine's Day of 1874 when she suffered the fate that so many other sailing ships have, before and since: the wind died at just the wrong moment.

The skipper, of course, dropped both anchors. As usual, this only slowed the ship down. The four-knot current was more than enough to pull the *Sidi* along, dragging both anchors through the clean sand beneath. Onto the sandy shore of Sand Island she stuck. And it was high tide: a few hours later, the stout little brig was perched there on a shelf of damp sand. The crew, of course, took the

opportunity to clamber down and walk ashore, without even getting their feet wet.

The next day, salvors were on the scene. They immediately saw that it would be a tough job, and a lot of work, but it could be done. And the brand-new ship was insured for \$50,000.

A few weeks later, at a spring tide's flood, they triumphantly floated their prize free of the clinging sand. Rechristened the *Sea Waif*, the little brig went on to serve in the West Coast lumber fleet for decades.

The Professor and the Poltalloch

The massive British barque *Poltalloch* was part of the British grain fleet, and a regular visitor to the ports of Oregon and Washington. One foggy November day in 1900, she was making her way toward Puget Sound past the mouth of the Columbia when she wandered off course. The good news was that she missed Peacock Spit; the bad news was that she went hard aground, at high tide, just north of the Columbia by the entrance to Shoalwater Bay.

The receding tide left the *Poltal-*



Portland Harbor as it appeared on a busy day around the turn of the 20th century. The big four-masted grain-fleet barque in the foreground, flying a Union Jack from her mast, is of similar size and type to the *Poltalloch*. (Image: OSU Libraries)

loch towering high out of the surf. As with the *Sidi*, the crew was able to pitch a Jacob's ladder over the side and walk ashore. And as with the *Sidi*, salvage operators got busy right away trying to figure out how to get the ship off the beach and back into service.

They eventually were successful in this. But during the month or two during which the *Poltalloch* was stuck there, she nearly lured at least one other ship onto the reef beside her, like a decoy duck.

It happened the following February, when a German bark, the *Professor Koch*, was making her way toward the bar for a crossing. The ship, as the story goes, was making for the bar when the skipper spotted a square-rigger ahead, far inland, looking as if her helmsman knew where he was going. They must be crossing

the bar, the helmsman thought. So he steered straight in after her.

Luckily, the steamer *Fulton* was on hand, and got to the German vessel in time to warn her skipper that he was following a stranded ship and headed straight for the beach. The *Professor Koch* turned and sailed back southward, her skipper no doubt a little redder of face than before.

(Sources: Gibbs, James Jr. Pacific Graveyard. Portland: Binford, 1950; Portland Morning Oregonian, 9/05/1883, 9/06/1883 and 9/08/1883)

Finn J.D. John teaches at Oregon State University and writes about odd tidbits of Oregon history. For details, see <http://finnjohn.com>. To contact him or suggest a topic: finn2@offbeatoregon.com or 541-357-2222.

OFFBEAT OREGON HISTORY

The wreck of the *USS Shark*: Navy's loss was Cannon Beach's gain

By Finn J.D. John

On August 23, 1846, the doomed American warship *USS Shark* pulled away from Fort Vancouver for its fateful voyage down the Columbia and thence—so her captain thought—out to sea and back toward home.

The *Shark's* captain, Lt. Neil M. Howison, was already behind schedule, and with each passing day he got more anxious to get out to sea before the rest of his crew melted away into the surrounding communities. He'd already lost at least six, possibly more. And the *Shark* was a Baltimore Clipper rigged as a topsail schooner—a seagoing hot rod of the first order; she required a lot of men to handle her. It wouldn't take many more defections before they were all stuck here, half a world away from home.

But fate seemed just as determined to delay the ship as her captain was to speed her along. First, when Howison was getting ready to depart, he learned that a commercial barque, the *Toulon*, had hired the only river guide available. To have the services of a local in getting their ship safely out to sea, they'd have to wait, possibly weeks, for the *Toulon*.

Howison determined that he was not going to wait for the *Toulon*. When he embarked, it was without the benefit of a river pilot. But a few miles downstream, he found himself waiting for the *Toulon* after all. Her newly hired river pilot had guided her straight onto a gravel bar.

Naturally, Howison couldn't just sail blithely past—although he surely must have wished he could. And so the *Shark's* departure was delayed yet again, by three days, while her crew toiled with the *Toulon's* to get her into deep water again.

Then, at last, the little warship was on her way.

But now it was the weather's turn to be the agent of delay. A stiff headwind forced the little ship to tack relentlessly back and forth for days, gradually working her way down to the mouth of the river.

When she finally arrived at the mouth of the river, Howison spent a day reconnoitering before choosing to cross the bar at the start of the ebb the following afternoon. But, not having a pilot on board (or even a decent map of the channel), Howison didn't realize what a serious mistake that was.

So out onto the bar the little ship ventured, just as fast as

she could sail.

Actually, she was moving quite a bit faster than she could sail. The current during the ebb tide can be an amazing force on the Columbia bar, with all the tidewater of the lower Columbia flowing out to sea. When conditions are right, it can top nine miles per hour. And it doesn't always follow the deepest part of the channel.

And so, on the afternoon of Sept. 10, Howison and his crew found themselves racing past the northern shores of Oregon—riding a current carrying them straight toward Clatsop Spit.

Betledly realizing his predicament, Howison hastily tacked across the headwind and tried to make for the northwest. It was no use. The pressure on the ship's keel from the current was too great for the sails to overcome. The ship continued slipping out toward the breakers that lined the south side of the channel.

In desperation Howison ordered the anchor dropped. Again, though, the force of an eight-knot current pushing a 200-ton ship with its keel spread out like an underwater sail was simply too much. The anchor line snapped “like a packthread” (Howison's words), and then there was little to do but brace for impact.

When that impact came, it was definitive. The vessel stuck fast, and immediately the mammoth boarding seas “began to break over her broadside,” Howison recounted (after he was safely back on shore, of course), “and told us too plainly that she should float over its surface no more.”

Giving up the ship for doomed, the crew then turned its efforts to getting on shore before the relentless seas could reduce the little warship to its constituent timbers. The first thing they did was launch the ship's gig, with several crew members along with \$4,000 in gold. But as they lowered it, the rocking ship and pounding seas carried the ship's remaining anchor around from where it hung beneath the bows and smashed the little gig just as it hit the water.

With the help of some heroic work by other crew members, all the occupants of the gig were hauled back aboard the ship. The box full of gold, however, was gone, along with all the ship's papers.

Captain and crew alike took the hint. They weren't getting off the ship yet. But the ebbing tide suggested another possibility: Could they but hold out for a few hours, the tide would finish going out, and they might be able to make for shore.

So the crew of the *Shark* settled in as best they could, hanging on tightly as walls of green-and-white water roared down on them again and again.

And a few hours later, sure enough, things settled down. Not much—but enough.

Hastily the three surviving boats were launched with a little over half the crew on board, to row for shore. They would come back 12 hours later for the rest of them...if they could survive.

They did. When the boats returned to the *Shark*, they found it battered and waterlogged, but with the several dozen shipmates (and their captain) still clinging to the wreckage, all of them tied to the rigging with lifelines to keep from being swept away.

Not a single sailor was lost, or even badly hurt. Not one—out of a crew of more than 70 men.

When the last members of the crew reached the beach, soaked through and exhausted from their ordeal, they found a great bonfire blazing on the sand, and their comrades all gathered around it. They'd found a great deal of driftwood clustered



One of the two carronades found on the beach in 2008, before it was removed from the beach and sent to Texas A&M University for restoration. Inset is a replica of a cannon from the *USS Shark*, on display at the Cannon Beach Historical Society. (Credit: Oregon Parks & Recreation)



Lt. Neil
Howison,
commanding
officer of the
USS *Shark*, circa
1840s. (Credit:
Oregon Historical Soc.)

along the beach, which had burned very nicely. It was, they later learned, the wreckage of the sloop of war *Peacock*, which had come to grief on the opposite shore of the river just five years before.

The castaways ended up stuck on that beach for months, although their British rivals from the Hudson's Bay Company hastened to bring them food and supplies. They built a log house at Point George, which they dubbed Sharkville, and waited in it for a vessel that they could charter to take them home.

But while they were waiting, the barque *Toulon*—remember the *Toulon*—the ship that hired the only river pilot, and then promptly stranded on a sandbar below Fort Astoria? It now returned from a journey with the news that international negotiations between Britain and the U.S. had resulted in a decision to set the boundary between them permanently at 49 degrees—the modern border with Canada.

So in the end, the castaways of Sharkville ended up being the first to hear the news. And upon hearing it, Howison ran the *Shark's* flag up a makeshift flagpole, and for the first time ever, Old Glory was flying above the undisputed American territory of Oregon.

Meanwhile, the ship had broken up, and sections of the deck with the ship's carronades attached had washed up on a nearby beach—just north of Arch Cape. Three pieces of artillery were found, and then another; one of them was dragged out of the sand and brought up on shore, where it stood outdoors exposed to the elements for more than 100 years in a little town that was named after it: Cannon Beach. Recently, it was sent off to the Nautical Archaeology program at Texas A&M University for expert restoration work, and the Cannon Beach History Center and Museum is currently in the midst of a GoFundMe campaign to raise the \$30,000 it needs to provide a proper climate-controlled exhibit space for this 190-year-old piece of Oregon history.

In 2008, two more cannons from the *Shark* were found by a beach walker, farther to the north; these, also refurbished by Texas A&M, were placed on display at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria last year.

(Sources: Shine, Greg P. "A Gallant Little Schooner," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Dec. 2008; Tobias, Lori. "Cannons from USS *Shark* Come Back Home to Oregon's Coast," *Portland Oregonian*, 16 May 2014; <http://www.gofundme.com/ourcannon>)

Finn J.D. John teaches at Oregon State University and writes about odd tidbits of Oregon history. For details, see <http://finn-john.com>. To contact him or suggest a topic: finn2@offbeatoregon.com or 541-357-2222.

SHIPWRECKED

By ELAINE TRUCKE

Special to The Daily Astorian

In early January 1881, the British ship *Lupatia* wrecked on Tillamook Rock, a wreck that killed 16 sailors and had only one survivor — a shepherd dog that accompanied the crew.

The *Lupatia* met its doom 130 years ago this month, and we need only read a newspaper to be reminded of other ships that never came back to port again. For example, the remnants of the 1908 wreck of the *Emily Reed* in Rockaway Beach recently resurfaced only last month, after the less-than-hospitable Oregon Coast weather shifted sands that hide the wreckage for decades at a time.

Only eight crewmen from the *Emily Reed* were claimed by the tumultuous waters of the Pacific, but over 1,000 lives have been lost on the northern Oregon Coast alone due to the unfavorable weather, dangerous coastline, and treacherous river crossings seafarers dealt with yearround, but especially in winter.

The *Lupatia* was known as a bark ship, or a ship with three masts, and wrecked a mere three weeks before Tillamook Rock Lighthouse went into full operation. Capt. Wheeler, who was in charge of construction of the lighthouse, roused his crew when startled by the sound of voices outside.

"The weather was thick, with a strong southwest gale," says Lewis and Dryden's "Marine History of the Pacific Northwest." "They at once sighted the red light of a ship inshore, and heard a terror-stricken voice give the order, 'Hard aport.'"

Wheeler ordered his crew to place lanterns in the uncompleted tower and began building a bonfire to warn the vessel of the rock only 600 feet away. Unfortunately for the *Lupatia* it was too late.

"Her yards were aback, and she seemed to be working out of the dangerous place, but soon afterward the red light disappeared, and no further cries were heard from those on board," says Lewis and Dryden.

The lighthouse workers were optimistic that perhaps some crew had survived the incident, but the following day 12 dead bodies were discovered on the nearby beach. Whining amongst them was the dog, more fortunate than his human companions.

Not every shipwreck on the Oregon Coast claimed the lives of sailors. In fact, the wreck of the *Peter Iredale* in 1906 left all 27 people on board unharmed, including two stowaways.

By the time the *Peter Iredale* reached Tillamook Head in October 1906, Tillamook Rock Lighthouse had been in operation for nearly 25 years. The ship's lookout sighted the lighthouse at 3:20 a.m., so the course was altered, but

the wind shifted, a heavy northwest squall struck the vessel, and the ship ran aground.

"We consider that everything was done by the master to get his ship out of danger," said P.L. Cherry of the British Vice-Consul in November 1906. "The set of the current and the sudden shift of the wind drove him so close in that in the act of wearing around to get his ship's head off shore, she stranded."

Most coastal residents have seen the wreckage of the *Peter Iredale* at Fort Stevens State Park, formerly a military outpost, where the rescued sailors from the wreck were fed, clothed and housed after the incident.

Not all shipwrecks occurred in poor weather, however. On Oct. 1, 1913, a beautiful day with calm seas and nearly no clouds, the *Glenesslin*, bound for Portland, was sighted sailing unusually close to Nehalem shores.

Cannon Beach's Paul Bartels recounted his impressions of the wreck in a 1978 oral history.

"The *Glenesslin* came in at Neahkahnie Mountain," Bartels

told the Cannon Beach History Center. "I took the picture with one of those old-timey cameras, you know the kind that you have to throw the black rag over your head."

"The day was nice and the old sea captain, he had been hittin' it pretty heavy, because they were coming ashore. You see, they wanted to get rid of the whiskey," Bartels said. "They were all pretty well loaded up, and he said he was going to lay down a while. At 2 o'clock he was woken up and they had changed course. They were coming up on the rock and there was no wind so they just plowed right into the rock."

The Court of Inquiry held to determine the cause of the wreck confirmed the suspicions of helpful beachgoers who helped tie lines to the rocks on shore and pull the 21 drunken crewmen to safety.

There was no mistaking the odor of liquor on many of the survivors, reports said.

For his negligence, Capt. Owen Williams, master of the ship, as well as his second mate John Colefield, were suspended for six months. The first mate



Submitted Photos

Glenesslin

F.W. Harwarth got off with a reprimand.

No matter the cause of the tragic ends of the thousands of vessels that have met their deaths on the Oregon Coast, one thing is for sure, the

Graveyard of the Pacific holds the ships' ghost stories somewhere in her stormy depths.

Elaine Trucke is the executive director of the Cannon Beach History Center and Museum.



Peter
Iredale

WRECK OF THE IREDALE OCT 24 1906.
CENT TOP BEACH. OREG.

New York, with H. 20th, and Mark like the
mac.

14 10-29-2018

In One Ear



by Elleda Wilson

ewilson@dailyastorian.com (503) 325-3211, ext. 257



'Everything was done'

In honor of the 108th birthday of wreck of the PETER IREDALE, on the beach at Hammond, here are segments of the transcript of the Naval Court findings (www.iredale.de/maritime/peter.htm):

"In appears from the evidence given before the Court that the ship sailed from Salina Cruz, Mexico, on or about the 26th of September, 1906, with 1,000 tons of ballast, and a crew of 27 hands all told, including two stowaways. No incident worthy of mention happened until the look-out sighted the light on Tillamook Rock at 3:20 a.m. on the 25th of October, 1906.

"... The course was then altered to sight the Columbia River lightship ... and having lost sight of the light in a thick mist, it was decided to wear ship to avoid the influence of the current setting to the north, and the tide running into the Columbia River. The wind had now hauled to north of west in heavy squalls with rain. Just before striking, while in the act of wearing, an exceedingly heavy west north-west squall struck the vessel, throwing her head off, she taking the ground, and shortly afterwards losing her upper spars. She then drove ashore, with a high south-west sea running, and a fresh westerly gale.

"... The ship (position) before the shift of wind was not one of danger. She was in the usual cruising ground of the pilot schooner, but unfortunately no pilots were on the station, the pilot boat being in port under repairs.

"We consider that everything was done by the master to get his ship out of danger. ... The Court further desires to put on record their appreciation of the prompt action of the U.S. life-saving crew at Hammond ... also of the action of the commander, Col. Walker, U.S.A., and his officers and men, of Fort Stevens. ... And lastly, the Vice-Consul desires to express his satisfaction with the quiet and orderly behaviour of the crew when in Astoria." 10-24-2014



Mastoria's demise

Since it's the anniversary of the PETER IREDALE Shipwreck on Saturday, the Ear thought you might enjoy this little bit of trivia: Did you know the Iredale had a SISTER SHIP called the ASTORIA, also owned by the Peter Iredale Company? Built in 1885, the Astoria was in service until 1910, when she was sold to a Norwegian company, according to the Iredale website (www.iredale.de/maritime/astoria.htm).

Mastoria, as she was renamed, did not come to a happy end. According to www.wrecksite.eu, the three-masted sailing barque, carrying a cargo of wood, "was struck by a hurricane on voyage from Pensacola (Fla.) to Rio de Janeiro. The crew abandoned the ship after being battered by 70 hours by the hurricane and left the vessel in dismasted, waterlogged and rudderless condition. The crew was picked up by the steamer River Plate and landed safely at Annotto Bay, Jamaica." The ship is pictured, courtesy of Wrecksite.

So there Mastoria lies, abandoned at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. The date of her demise? Oct. 16, 1910. 10-24-14



The DAILY ASTORIAN



Tuesday, December 15, 2009

Ship's legacy could rise again

Portlander, volunteers work on restoring the hydrofoil USS High Point docked at North Tongue Point

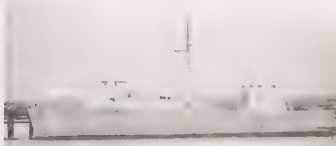
By CASSANDRA PROFITA
The Daily Astorian

Tuesday, December 15, 2009

In its heyday, the 115-foot USS High Point could track submarines and launch a torpedo while flying above the water at up to 50 knots.

It was the first in a series of four U.S. Navy hydrofoil vessels - "the lady of the fleet." And in 1974, it was the first of its kind to launch a harpoon missile, secretly testing and proving advanced anti-submarine technology.

After it was decommissioned in 1989, it quietly changed hands several times before coming to languish at Astoria's North Tongue Point around 2000.



ALEX PAJUNAS - The Daily Astorian The USS High Point, the first in a series of four U.S. Navy hydrofoils, sits at Astoria's North Tongue Point. Terence Orme, a military artifact collector from Portland, hopes to restore the vessel that was built to track submarines.

Portland resident and military artifact collector Terence Orme rescued the ship from being scrapped in a 2005 lien sale. He has spent the past four years cleaning it out and drumming up support to revive the relic.

"They wanted to scrap it," said Orme. "I just thought that was a tragedy because it has such a great legacy. We had a different idea on preservation. Things have been slowly falling into place ever since then."

Orme and about a dozen volunteers - including three Navy vets who once served on board the ship - are working on weekends to restore the High Point and turn it into a floating museum.

On Saturday, Orme, his cousin Craig Orme, and Washington residents Jeff White and Al Carter cleaned refrigerators, polished the galley and pointed out all the work that still needs to be done.

They've improved the ship's cooling and fuel systems and the hydraulic steering, but the ship is missing its turbine engines and service diesel, without which it can't operate.

"We still have a lot of work to do," Orme said. "We're looking for some skilled people who have some vision of what we're trying to do."

What's a hydrofoil?

Underneath the hull of the High Point are three wing-like structures called hydrofoils that are mounted on retractable struts. Once the ship reaches 23 knots, the foils lift it out of the water, reducing drag and improving speed.



Submitted photo

When Terence Orme of Portland bought the USS High Point at a lien sale at North Tongue Point in Astoria, the ship that was once "the lady of the fleet" was full of trash and had fallen into disrepair. This photo of the pilothouse shows holes where control panels used to be.

"It travels much faster than anything else on the water," said Carter. "It's not as affected by the weather."

Built by Boeing Co. with a \$2.08 million Navy contract in the early 1960s, the High Point has two foils in the back and one in the front.

"It's a ship that flies," Orme said. "It has wings underneath."

It can also be propelled like a normal ship, he said, at slower speeds.

The ship was named after its birthplace in High Point, N.C., and delivered to the Navy at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in 1963.

On its foils, High Point was capable of patrolling the coast at high speeds, and was intended to track and chase submarines. It had a 40-millimeter remote-control machine gun and carried out weapons testing in Puget Sound in 1966-74.

In 1973, it set a record for the fastest Columbia River bar crossing, cutting through 27-foot breakers on its foils at around 40 knots while the bar was closed to vessel traffic.

The High Point's success laid the foundation for the Navy's fleet of combat hydrofoils, Orme said, including six in the Pegasus class that were in service from 1977 to 1991.

"It was a really successful platform," he said, going on to explain how the Pegasus ship crossed the Panama Canal so quickly; it spooked the Panamanian government into implementing a speed limit.

Footprints, artifacts remain

When Orme bought the High Point, it was full of trash, rotten carpeting and leaks.

In the pilothouse, there were gaping holes and loose wires where monitors and gauges used to be; same with the monitoring center for the missing turbine engines.

But traces of its glory days were evident throughout the vessel, in the footprints of weapons that once sat on deck, charts of testing routes and foils that lasted up to 10 hours, and artifacts of life on board.

"You can see where the torpedoes used to be," said Orme, standing on deck and pointing a row of angled lines.

Other discolored shapes and raised platforms denote the spaces where sensors were tied on lines and towed behind the ship on a sled to detect submarines and underwater mines.

"They would foil at high speed and drag the sonar sled behind," said Carter. "They had to be real quiet."

Below the deck, Orme pointed out, the ship still has "a round funny room" where a sonar trunk was lowered down through the ship.

Next to the round room are rows of decades-old computers.

"They needed three big racks of equipment to run the system," said White. "Now you can run it on your laptop - maybe even on your iPhone. Got an app for that?"

The team's restoration effort has turned up other clue about life on board the High Point, among them a cabinet full of mechanical fluid samples, a VCR manual, an ashtray, a bulletin board and a stapler.

"The ashtray is original," White said. "We have a picture of them smoking with that same tray."

They've also added some vintage items of their own, including some original High Point patches, plaques and pictures that Orme found on eBay.

They're piecing the story of the High Point back together through photographs and anecdotes from veterans who worked on board.

For example, they know the ship had a live-aboard cat for 12 years that loved to shred phone books and make other kinds of mischief.

The cat would crouch in the wires on the ceiling, Orme said, and one time knocked off the admiral's hat as he was walking by.

"They never took any out," White said of the thick bundles of wires running along the ship's hallway ceilings. "They just put more in."

Volunteers needed

What the restoration team needs more than anything is some skilled hands to help fix the ship's many mechanical problems, Orme said.

The Port of Astoria, which recently took control of the North Tongue Point Industrial facility, could help by providing a power hook-up at the dock, he said.

Orme said he's had some promising conversations with Rolls Royce about building new turbine motors for the High Point that would run more efficiently than the originals on a digital platform. And he lucked out when he found the ship's turbine manifolds - basically stainless steel tubes - in a scrap pile at the Port of Astoria's Pier 3.

He pointed to the holes in the engine room where the manifolds can be reinstalled.

"I bought this not really realizing what I didn't have," he said. "Finding the originals will make it a lot easier to install new turbines. Those are monumental things to have."

Insight from the ship's last chief engineer, Fred Nachbar of Shelton, Wash., has been guiding the restoration process, Orme said.

He has also had help from veterans Randy Tacey of Bremerton, Wash., and Sumi Arima, of Redmond, Wash., who ran the hydrofoil department for the Navy at one time.

Collecting stories and spending time with veterans who served on the ship has been a highlight of the effort, Orme said.

Veteran Dale Beresford told him about the day in 1966 during rough-water testing when the High Point crew found themselves being tracked by a Russian surface vessel.

"What's really great is being on the original High Point with other veterans watching World War II movies," Orme said. "The camaraderie that's developed with the vets and volunteers is really neat."

Every so often, vets and volunteers gather on the boat and watch movies in the galley, which is equipped with a large booth and a television with a VCR. One time they watched "Kelly's Heroes"; sometimes they put on "Victory at Sea" and let it run all day.

Orme is trying to start a nonprofit to oversee the restoration because, he said, "this is way too much for one individual to deal with."

But he's pledged to continue the effort regardless.

"What we'd like to do is be an active museum on the Columbia River," he said. "We'd like to be able to go to Rose Festival in 2012 to celebrate the 30-year anniversary of the last time it was there."

Related Links

Content © 2009 The Daily Astorian
Software © 1998-2009 **1up! Software**, All Rights Reserved



Courtesy of Dylan Hatfield

Dylan Hatfield, left, and his brother Darrik Seibold in Sand Point, Alaska. Hatfield said his 36-year-old brother was one of six men missing and presumed drowned when a crabbing vessel *Destination* went missing Saturday, near St. George, Alaska.

ANCHORAGE, Alaska — Dylan Hatfield got one last chance to see his brother and five other crewmen on the *Destination*, a 98-foot crab boat missing and presumed sunk in the Bering Sea.

The *Destination* was tied up Thursday in the Aleutian Islands port of Dutch Harbor, preparing to leave. Hatfield, 29, had just come in from the Bering Sea on a different boat. He had worked on the *Destination* off and on for seven years, and when he left, his older brother, 36-year-old Darrik Seibold, replaced him.

"We went down to the boat, brought a case of beer, said hello to everybody, gave everybody big hugs, told stories and had laughs," Hatfield said. Afterward, they all went out for pizza at the Norwegian Rat Saloon."

"I got to tell the fellas I loved them, I got to hug my brother and tell him that I loved him, and then they left," Hatfield said.

Early Friday, the *Destination* left for St. Paul Island, one of the tiny Pribilof Islands in the vast Bering Sea.

On Saturday morning, Hatfield got the call: the *Destination* was missing 2 miles off another Pribilof Island, St. George. The Coast Guard had received an emergency location radio transmission from a device that transmits when it hits saltwater.

Searchers rushed to the scene. They found an oil slick, a life ring and buoys. They emergency location beacon was floating in the slick.

The lack of debris, the failure to make a mayday call, the absence of lifeboats or mariners in survival suits pointed to a sudden tragedy.

"In my mind, they rolled over," Hatfield said. "I'm almost positive that those boys are still on the boat."

Inherently dangerous

Commercial fishing is inherently dangerous, and crab fishing in the Bering Sea is notoriously so. Fishermen work winters in icy, heaving plat-

forms handling heavy, unforgiving equipment.

The National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health notes that fishermen drop crab pots, each weighing 750 to 850 pounds empty, rigged to hundreds of feet of coiled line and buoys used to recover them from the ocean bottom.

Just getting to the fishing grounds is dangerous. Vessels stack the heavy pots on their main deck in three to five tiers high as they travel in shallow ocean that sees big waves, high wind and icing that can make a boat top-heavy.

'The only people who know what happened are on the bottom of the ocean.'

Dylan Hatfield

brother of Darrik Seibold,
who is presumed drowned
after boat disaster

In the 1990s, 73 people died in the Bering Sea crab fishery as the result of capsizing, sinking, falling overboard or an industrial accident. Two factors, however, have dramatically lowered that rate of nearly eight deaths annually.

The Coast Guard and the Alaska Department of Fish and Game in 1999 instituted an upgraded inspection program with an emphasis on stability and safety. Vessels found lacking were not allowed to leave port.

Federal managers also changed the fishery. Before 2005, boats rushed out from ports "derby style," trying to catch as much crab as possible until a quota was met, even if it meant fishing in dangerous conditions.

That was replaced with "crab rationalization," in which most of the catch was guaranteed to boat owners. That meant they could use fewer boats, take longer to catch their quota and sit out dangerous conditions.

It also meant hundreds of crew members lost their jobs. However, safety improved. From October 1999 through last year, 10 lives have been lost, according to the national institute.

Heading out

The *Destination* was on its way to St. Paul and planned to drop off bait on the island before heading out for a week or two to fish. The boat was carrying 200 crab pots and probably about 15,000 pounds of bait, Hatfield said.

The boat had just rounded the northeast quarter of St. George Island, an area known for turbulent water, when it went down.

"You get the shelf shallowing-up there, and lots of tide," Hatfield said. "It's always really cold around those islands."

A number of factors probably led to a capsizing, he said. The boat may have iced up from sea spray freezing in 20-degree temperatures. An alarm in the engine or steering room may have malfunctioned.

The boat had three tanks for holding crab. Pumps keep water circulating to them. If a pump shut off, it could cause a tank to go slack — partially emptied of water that provides stability, Hatfield said.

When a big wave hits, and the boat rolls in one direction, a slack tank makes it harder to recover.

"It's never the first one," Hatfield said. "They probably took a big one, laid 'em over, and they didn't recover. Then they took another one, and another one, until she probably just rolled over."

The vessel owners, F/V *Destination*, Inc., have not released name of the six crewmen.

He agreed that whatever happened probably came on suddenly. A half hour before the boat disappeared, it was in calm water on the lee of St. George Island, Barcott said by email.

Seibold leaves a 3-year-old son. The cause of the tragedy likely will never be known, Hatfield said.

"The only people who know what happened are on the bottom of the ocean," he said.

Groundfish trawlers pleased with 'sustainable' certification



A trawler plies the Pacific, one important type of fishing that will be helped by a determination that some groundfish species may now be sustainably harvested. — CRBJ FILE PHOTO PHOTO

PACIFIC OCEAN — A mainstay for Columbia estuary-based fishermen is now certified sustainable after diminished stocks 14 years ago forced the federal government to declare a disaster.

The Marine Stewardship Council announced June 3 in Portland that 13 groundfish species caught by West Coast trawler fishermen will be designated sustainable.

The decision will likely make the fishery more marketable.

The MSC certified its first rockfish species and a skate species as sustainable among other types of bottom-dwelling fish.

Fishermen, fishery managers, the Environmental Defense Fund and federal agencies established the Groundfish Trawl Catch Share Program in 2011 to rejuvenate groundfish stocks.

"We've changed and adapted a lot in the last 10 to 15 years or more and the fishery has changed a lot," said Paul Kujala, Warrenton commissioner for the Oregon Trawl

Commission and captain of the Cape Windy. "We're getting some recognition for that."

The program requires all fishing vessels to have a federal license, an observer on board and to report their catch numbers. It also divides up the total allowable catch into shares for fishermen based on the number of pounds available.

Kujala, whose family runs Skipanon Brand Seafood in Warrenton, said the commission and fishermen have put a lot of time into making changes.

About 20 trawlers are based in this area. Most of the groundfish is delivered and sold fresh to markets up and down the Interstate-5

corridor, Kujala said.

The Oregon, Washington and California fishery brought in 40 million pounds in 2013. Kujala said fishermen are excited about the decision and hope it opens up more markets.

Scott Coughlin, a spokesman for the Environmental Defense Fund, said the certification is significant given the state of the fishery 14 years ago.

"This is the most complex, multispecies fishery to ever be certified to the MSC's rigorous international standards," he said.

Coughlin added that the program reduces the discarding of unwanted fish or other marine life, which previous regulations required to be tossed overboard.

The 13 designated groundfish include, chilipepper rockfish, longspine thornyheads, shortspine thornyheads, splitnose rockfish, widow rockfish, yellowtail rockfish, longnose skates, arrowtooth flounder, Dover sole, English sole, lingcod, petrale and sablefish, also known as black cod or butterfish.

"The MSC designation is a testimony to the environmental and economic benefits we can achieve by working together to solve major fisheries challenges," said Shems Jud, deputy regional director for the Pacific region with EDF's Oceans Program, in a news release. "It may come as a surprise for some to learn that commercial fishermen and environmentalists work closely together, but we've been doing that successfully here for almost 10 years and the result is a win-win for fish and fishermen."

Brad Pettinger, director of the Oregon Trawl Commission, said the catch share program was a milestone for the fishery.

"The changes made under the catch share program got us over many of the hurdles on our way to gaining MSC certification, which is a game-changer for us," said Pettinger.

"Working with the Pacific Fishery Management Council and the National Marine Fisheries Service, we have renewed our social contract with America's seafood consumers by demonstrating conclusively that we can manage and harvest these species in a sustainable fashion."

The MSC final report highlighted several strengths of the groundfish trawl fishery that included individual accountability of fishermen, more complete and available data for managers, protection of sensitive habitats, transparency, scientific-based management and incentives for sustainable fishing.

THE ROAD TO SHARKSVILLE



When the **USS Shark** ran aground on the Columbia River bar on Sept. 10, 1846, the captain, **Lt. Neil M. Howison**, and all hands were fortunate enough to make it to shore on Clatsop Beach. Crew member **Burr Osborn**'s letters (<http://tinyurl.com/BOSLet>), and Howison's reports (<http://tinyurl.com/shark1846>), detail what happened next.

Once on the beach, the survivors burned wood from the wreck of the **USS Peacock**, an exploration vessel, to keep warm. One of the men had the bad luck to have been shipwrecked twice — he was also on the **Peacock** when it ran aground on the bar in 1841.

The group spent two miserable nights in a 12 by 24-foot floorless shanty on the beach, said to have been built 40 years earlier by some of the men in the **Lewis and Clark Expedition**. The survivors were constantly wet, and most were only wearing underwear, or nightwear, when they had to abandon ship.

Howison took one of the boats to head for Vancouver, Washington, to get much-needed supplies, leaving the crew behind. Fortunately, some Indians arrived and helped the starving men procure two oxen. The roasted dinner was most welcome, as by then, the survivors had not eaten for 52 hours.

The morning after the feast, the group headed for Astoria (pictured as it was in 1813), where there was a double log house/store, two log huts for trappers, a Baptist missionary's wood frame house and an Indian tepee. Set about a mile away was **Fort George** (aka **Fort Astoria**).

Within a week, **Osborn** wrote, most of the crew fell ill, probably from exposure after the wreck, and were treated with quinine and salt from the store for the three weeks it took them to recuperate. But the store wasn't much help for the simple comforts, as even a blanket was \$10 (\$300 now).

By mid-October, the men felt well enough to start hauling logs from a nearby forest to build a house near **Fort George** at **Point George**, which is thought to be near present-day **Pier 3** at the **Port of Astoria**. In mid-November the men moved in, naming the dwelling **Sharksville**, after their lost ship.

Next week: Life in Sharksville

9-15-2017

THE DEMISE OF THE USS SHARK



The schooner **USS Shark** — which had battled piracy and the slave trade on the open oceans — met its fate 171 years ago, **Sept. 10, 1846**, on the Columbia River bar. The vessel is pictured courtesy of the Naval Historical Center.

How it happened is a tale of unlucky circumstance at almost every turn, according to a National Parks Service publication (<http://tinyurl.com/shark1846>). For example: No experienced river pilot was available to guide the captain, **Lt. Neil M. Howison** (pictured, inset), across; his map was inaccurate, and the sands had shifted; he entered the bar on the wrong tide; and, he was exhausted from an elk hunt. It didn't help that he felt pressured to proceed because he was 10 days behind schedule, either.

The crossing went badly from the start, when the tide forced him toward the breakers, despite trying to tack away from them several times. To avert the impending peril, Howison dropped anchor, but the rope snapped. He tried tacking again, and was still losing ground when he rammed into a sandbar and got stuck. Permanently.

Howison ordered the doctor, the purser and those who were sick into one of the small boats, along with the **Shark's** papers, captain's logs and an iron box holding \$4,000 in gold. The boat was almost immediately swamped and sank in the heavy seas. Luckily, there was a rope dangling from the **Shark**, and everyone was saved and hauled back aboard. The gold, papers and logs were lost.

Trapped for hours on the **Shark**, with waves rolling over its sides, the men were tied to the vessel for safety. At last, the tide changed, the waves calmed, and Howison sent the remaining boats to shore. He and 24 crew members stayed aboard for an ugly, wet night aboard the vessel, which had taken on a great deal of water by then. The only refuge was provided by the bowsprit and two quarterdeck houses.

At sunrise, the crew was overjoyed to see the boats return to retrieve everyone left on the ship. The bad news — that the **Shark** was a total loss — was far outweighed by the good news: All hands made it safely to shore.

Next week: Sharkville.

2017

PEEK-A-BOO



Have you noticed that the Peter Iredale shipwreck is unexpectedly more exposed recently? Not as much as after the 2007 storm, but this time, the Iredale seems to have popped back up without the encouragement of 100-plus mile-an-hour winds. **Linda Fenton-Mendenhall** (pictured inset) took the photo shown in mid-May.

According to the Iredale website, the 285-foot, four-masted steel sailing barque ran aground on Clatsop Spit Oct. 25, 1906, when the wind shifted in a heavy squall (<http://tinyurl.com/P-Iredale>). The vessel, which was built in June 1890, and owned by the shipping company P. Iredale & Porter, was carrying 1,000 tons of ballast, and had a crew of 27, including two stowaways. No lives were lost.

The **Naval Court** held in Astoria in November 1906 absolved the master and first and second officers of all blame, and concluded by praising the “prompt action” of the life-saving crew at Hammond. The hearing record ends with a remark by the Vice-Consul, who “desires to express his satisfaction with the quiet and orderly behaviour of the crew when in Astoria.”

In One Ear



by Elleda Wilson

ewilson@dailyastorian.com (503) 325-3211, ext. 257

‘PAINTED LIKE THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN’



On June 11, the Maritime Archaeological Society documented the remains of the side-wheel wooden steamboat **T.J. Potter**, which are on the Astoria side of Youngs Bay, for the society’s ongoing Coastal Survey Project, and posted some photos to their Facebook page at <http://tinyurl.com/MASociety>. One of the photos is shown, along with an inset photo of the vessel in its glory days.

According to Mr. Wikipedia (<http://tinyurl.com/tjpotter>), the Potter was launched in Portland in 1888 to make runs from Portland to Astoria for \$2.50 (about \$62 now), and to Ilwaco, Washington (\$75 now). All meals cost \$.50 (about \$12.50 now).

Known for her speed, she was sent to Puget Sound to compete with steamboats there for a while, but finally returned to resume the Portland to Astoria run. In 1901, a rebuild increased the Potter’s gross tonnage by about a third, slowing her down. The wheelhouse was given a dome and flagpole, believed to be unique among Columbia River steamboats at the time.

After the rebuild, the Potter started doing the Portland to Ilwaco run, continuing even after being refurbished in 1910. In 1916, the Potter was condemned for passenger use, but used as a barracks boat for construction crews until 1920, when her license was revoked. Abandoned on Youngs Bay, she was burned and salvaged for her metal.

Professor Frederick Bracher described riding on the Potter as a child 1915: “The T.J. Potter was ... ponderously slow, even when going downstream ... The monumental semi-circular paddle boxes, painted like the rays of the rising sun, arched up as high as the boat deck; the paddle wheels produced a prodigious wake to port and starboard, as well as astern.

“On the main deck were staterooms for the elderly, the rich, or the newly married; and a continuous seat ran all the way around the stern. If the weather was good, there would be deck chairs on the open afterdeck, and the glass-enclosed lounge cabins were comfortable on cold or rainy days.”

It’s comforting to envision the Potter’s former glory, after seeing what little is left on the shore of Youngs Bay.

6.17.2016

'HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE'

FORT CANBY



The Ear was remiss in not mentioning the anniversary of the wreck of the pilot schooner **Governor Moody** three miles north of Fort Canby, Washington on Sept. 21, 1890.

Capt. Peter Cordiner gave a harrowing account of what happened to the *Daily Alta California* newspaper. He and the crew, **Louis Olsen**, **Gustav McCorda** and the cook, **George Salvety**, were returning from a trip when the fog set in. The captain suddenly sensed they were near shore, but he couldn't turn the vessel in time to avoid the breakers that swept them into the base of a cliff at North Head.

The men ran for the main rigging and climbed, and were "hanging on for dear life, while each successive breaker was shaking the craft to pieces," the captain wrote. "In one of those larches the mainmast came down with a fearful crash, carrying us with it."

Capt. Cordiner gashed his head in the melée, but gathered his wits quickly, ran to the fore-rigging and climbed the mast-head, while the vessel was being continuously shoved against the cliff. "... In some way I got between the mast and the cliff and got my arm and shoulder bruised. I was knocked off my feet, but in falling managed to strike in the crotch of the jib halyards and slid down the jib stay. I then climbed up the mast and managed to reach the overhanging rocks, and pulled myself up to a place of safety."

McCorda followed. Olsen, who had an injured hip, clung to the rocks below, so the men lowered some halyards to him hauled him up. The cook was gone, presumed dead; the three remaining survivors hiked to Fort Canby. The life-saving crew there immediately went to the wreck, but clothes, books and a sextant were most of the few items that could be recovered.

The life-saving crew made one other discovery, as well: the cook, very much alive, stranded on a narrow rock shelf. "An overhanging ledge prevented his climbing further up, and the waves were boiling beneath him," the captain wrote. "He had been in this situation, with the surf throwing spray over him, for nearly six hours, and was terribly exhausted when rescued."

There was no rescue for the *Governor Moody*, though. She was a total loss.

10-6-2017

A SIGHT TO SEE



Shame on the Ear for letting a local landmark date slip by without some fanfare and recognition — namely, the 111th anniversary of the **wreck of the Peter Iredale** on Clatsop Spit at 7:45 a.m. Thursday, Oct. 25, 1906.

Capt. H. Lawrence, his crew and two stowaways escaped unharmed, rescued almost immediately by the hearty souls at the Point Adams Life Saving Station. Several of the stranded mariners were taken to Fort Stevens, and all of them eventually made their way to Astoria.

The shipwreck caused quite a stir, The Daily Morning Astorian reported Oct. 26: "Everybody in the coast country ... literally swarmed out to render what assistance they might to the imperiled crew, and, as is usually the case in such matters, nearly all were equipped with big, or little, bottles of liquor, which ... was altogether too generously applied, and to the ultimate discomfiture of several of the Iredale's crew, who were too drunk to make good with the rest of their fellows in reaching this city."

According to the Oregon History Project, a few weeks later, the captain and his officers were cleared by the Naval Court at the British Vice-Consulate in Astoria of any possible wrongdoing in causing the wreck (<http://tinyurl.com/IreOHP>).

Note: Also in the Oct. 26 edition, the Astorian prophetically declared "the wreck of the Iredale will be one of the sights for some time to come ... and thousands will avail themselves of the opportunity to see her, riven, dismantled, inert and abandoned, high on the raw coast."

11-3-2017

RARE IMAGE



Went to the Portland Antique Expo for the first time Saturday, found some cool stuff, but this is the one I got the biggest thrill out of ... **Aaron Buda** posted on Facebook, referring to the photo shown. "(It) was in one of the many postcard boxes at the show, no markings on it. But I knew right away what ship these soldiers are standing in front of — soldiers from Fort Stevens posing by the **Peter Iredale**, mid-1910s."

Aaron is both a historian and collector of items related to the Harbor Defenses of the Columbia River (Washington and Oregon), consisting of Forts Stevens, Canby and Columbia. You can see several more of his historical photos on his Facebook page, <http://tinyurl.com/Coast249th>.

"My main goal is to preserve, share and honor the history of the U.S. Army Coast Artillery, who served at the mouth of the Columbia for nearly 80 years," he explained, "from the 1860s to the end of World War II."

This newly discovered Iredale photo is a welcome addition to the extensive Aaron Buda Collection. "I love finding these rare images!"

11-3-2017

PEACOCK SPIT CLAIMS STEAMSHIP

SS ADMIRAL BENSON



Thursday was the 88th anniversary of the intercoastal steamship **SS Admiral Benson** running aground on Peacock Spit near Cape Disappointment in dense fog on Feb. 15, 1930, carrying 39 passengers and 65 crew (tinyurl.com/AdmBenson). **Capt. Charles C. Graham** wasn't particularly worried at the time, since the sea and wind were calm, so he only sent a call for assistance, not a distress signal.

Consequently, no one rushed to get there, and surfboats from the local lifesaving stations didn't turn up till the next day to take 34 passengers and some crew members off the ship. The captain tried to get the ship floating again at high tide, but it wouldn't budge. Meanwhile, that nice weather was turning nasty by Feb. 17, so the Coast Guard removed the rest of the passengers and most of the crew. On the 18th, the weather got even worse, so everyone but the captain was removed by breeches buoy. On Feb. 23, the captain gave up and had his date with the breeches buoy during a lull in the storm.

At a hearing in Portland Feb. 25, the captain pleaded guilty to a charge of negligence for grounding the ship, and his mariner's license was suspended for six months. A salvage crew took two weeks to remove as much of value as possible from the ship, using highline-rigged gondolas, after which the ship's owners decided to abandon her on Peacock Spit. Salvagers got whatever was left inside, and over the years the SS Admiral Benson slowly broke up where she lay.

2-16-2018

LET THERE BE LIGHT



Monday marks the 138th anniversary of the official completion — at a cost of \$123,493 (more than \$3 million now) — of the **Tillamook Rock Lighthouse**, aka Terrible Tilly.

Getting to that point was no easy feat. The basalt rock, about 100 feet high, and 1.2 miles out at sea, wasn't exactly welcoming to visitors. With no way to land except to jump from a small boat to the rock, lighthouse builder **John R. Trewavas**, who was tasked with surveying the rock, slipped and was washed out to sea before he could even get started.

In June 1879, after several previous attempts failed, construction superintendent **John R. Wheeler** managed to get onto the rock to do the survey. Because of the difficulty landing, all he could bring was his measuring tape.

After Trewavas' death, locals weren't clamoring to work on Tillamook Rock, so the construction supervisor, **Charles A. Ballantyne**, had to hire an out-of-town crew. He sequestered them in Washington before the work started so they wouldn't hear local gossip.

Finally, construction began in October 1879. Ballantyne landed men and gear by using a rope pulley between the top of the rock and a ship's mast. The crew lived in wooden shacks on the slopes of the rock, enduring bitter winter weather, even being stranded once.

It took until May 1880 to blast off the top 30 feet of the rock to form a level surface. In June, massive derricks were built to bring up the basalt blocks from a Portland quarry (for the walls of the lighthouse), along with equipment and supplies, and even the Fresnel lens.

On Jan. 3, 1881, while the lighthouse was still under construction, the **Lupatia** ran aground on Tillamook Head, killing everyone aboard except the crew's dog. The disaster reinforced the need for a lighthouse, and the crew hastened complete the construction in three weeks to prevent a repeat of *Lupatia's* tragic fate.

On Jan. 21, 1881, Tillamook Lighthouse's beacon shined for the first time. Seventy-seven years later Tilly's job was done, and on Sept. 1, 1957, the light went out. (bit.ly/nrhptilly, bit.ly/oetilly) 1-18-2019

THE CURSED SHIP, NEVA



Shipwreck and maritime history buffs take note: Archaeologists have finally found the **campsite** used by the survivors of the wreck of the “cursed” *Neva*, a Russian warship that wrecked in **January 1813** off what is now Alaska, the Alaska Dispatch News reports (<http://tinyurl.com/Neva-Camp>). The *Neva* is pictured, in Kodiak, Alaska.

The *Neva* seemed doomed from the start. In 1804, during the Battle of Sitka, a shaman cursed the ship, and everyone on it, because the Russians attacked the Tlingits. The *Neva*’s captain drowned before the ill-fated last trip began, and 15 crew members and passengers died during the voyage to Alaska.

When the *Neva* ran aground and broke apart, 32 died. The remaining 28 got to land and set up camp; two of those died, and the rest were rescued when, ironically, a Tlingit boy found them after three harrowing wintry weeks ashore. But it’s always been a mystery where the ship wrecked, and where survivors stayed. A recent archaeological expedition to the ocean-facing side of **Kruzof Island**, funded by the National Science Foundation, has confirmed the location of the campsite.

“The *Neva*’s one of those sagas that’s almost legendary in Alaska, and folks have been looking for it for 200 years,” **Dave McMahan**, an archaeologist and the expedition’s chief investigator, said. And it’s no wonder it took so long to find. “It’s an area that’s very rugged and remote and very difficult to get into,” he added.

McMahan and others suspected Kruzof Island was the right spot because they found the remains of cooking fires and axes in a 2012 expedition. But they could not find the ship — the metal-detecting equipment was thrown off because all the rocks in the vicinity are loaded with iron — and it’s probably in scattered pieces, and unlikely to ever be found. An expedition in 2015 turned up more fire pits and artifacts, and this latest one, last summer, found a treasure trove of items from the camp and the grave of a crew member.

Strangely enough, the *Neva*’s survivors’ campsite location was on a spot considered sacred by shamans. Last summer, Russian Orthodox and Tlingit blessing ceremonies were conducted there, providing a peaceful resolution to their forbears’ animosity.

3-2017

WITHOUT A TRACE



In August 1911, the steel four-masted schooner **Americana**, loaded with 1 million feet of lumber bound for Australia, was almost destroyed when she nearly drifted ashore near Tillamook Rock during a calm spell. Luckily, an onshore observer witnessed the vessel in distress, and tugs were summoned to tow her out of danger. The *Americana* is pictured, courtesy of the San Diego Historical Society.

When she left Knappton, Washington, on Feb. 28, or March 1 or 3, 1913 (the reports vary), again loaded with lumber bound for Sydney, Australia, this time the story did not have a happy ending. She cleared the Columbia River bar, but never arrived at her destination.

On Aug. 30, 1913, the similarly-named vessel, **Amaranth**, carrying a load of coal from Newcastle, New South Wales to San Francisco, wrecked on Jarvis Island in Micronesia during a hurricane. Now uninhabited, at the time, the crew spotted the ruins of a guano mining site, which consisted of nine buildings and a two-story house. The captain and crew all survived, but the ship was beyond repair, so the crew took two lifeboats and left the island. Both boats wound up in Samoa, and news of their arrival soon spread.

In October 1913, the San Francisco Call published a story about the confusion that ensued after the *Amaranth* crew reached Samoa (tinyurl.com/Amerigone). Initial cablegram reports mistakenly noted that the captain and crew of the *Americana* had survived a wreck on Jarvis Island. A few days later, another cablegram said the *Amaranth*’s captain and crew had arrived safely on Samoa after being wrecked near the same island.

It was when the Ventura arrived in Honolulu, carrying only the *Amaranth*’s crew, that people realized both cables actually referred solely to the *Amaranth*. “The news came as a shock to Mrs. Johnson, wife of the captain of the *Americana*, who lives here,” the Call reported.

Although the *Americana* disappeared without a trace with all 11 hands, it is presumed she went down in the same storm that caused the wreck of the *Amaranth*. Officially, though, it’s still an unsolved mystery.

3-2-18

ISABELLA AGROUND



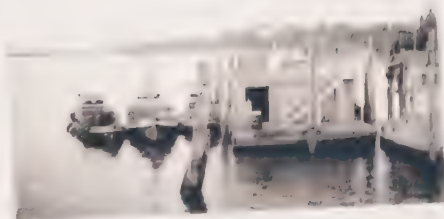
When the Hudson's Bay Co. British bark William and Ann wrecked in 1829 near the mouth of the Columbia River, most of the cargo and all of the crew were lost, leaving **Fort Vancouver** (pictured in 1845) very short on the annual supplies they were expecting, according to an account in "Adventures of a Sea Hunter: In Search of Famous Shipwrecks," by James Delgado (tinyurl.com/isabelladown).

To fill the void, Hudson's Bay bought the brig **Isabella**, loaded her with all of the items so (by then) desperately needed at the fort, and the usual trade items, and sent her on her way to do some business and restock Fort Vancouver.

So, one can imagine the dismay at the fort when **Capt. Ryan** and crew turned up without the much-anticipated **Isabella**, saying they had run aground May 23, 1830, and were about to be attacked by homicidal natives, so they abandoned ship and fled for their lives upriver. However, fort superintendent Dr. **John McLoughlin's** (pictured inset) dismay soon gave way to angry disgust when he found out what really happened in a message from **Fort George** (now Astoria).

The **Isabella** ran aground near the Columbia River Bar because she entered the wrong channel, and some men at the Fort George outpost saw it happen. They raced out to help, which is when Capt. Ryan mistook them for attackers and fled. McLoughlin ordered Ryan back to the **Isabella**, but the captain wasn't awfully sure where he had left her. Fortunately, the men at Fort George knew, and the cargo salvage operation began. It soon became clear that if Ryan had just stayed with the ship, and waited for the tide to turn, they probably could have refloated her. It took two weeks, under very arduous and wet conditions, to salvage the cargo. The **Isabella**, however, could not be saved.

5-18-2018



Katherine & Edie Harbitt
(Mrs. Zick)



Fish on Standard Oil
barge up river



Steamer Carrier
going up Columbia river
through ice





Loss of fishing vessels (F/V) and fishermen's Lives on the Lower Columbia River, on its tributaries or on the Pacific Ocean surrounding the mouth of the Columbia River¹



From 1880 to Present

ROUGH DRAFT²

(Finished March 28, 2008)

¹ These fishing vessels have been lost while at sea, entering and leaving the Columbia River or while on the Columbia River or its tributaries. The home ports for many of the vessels were those communities along the lower Columbia River. For other vessels their ports of call were outside the area covered in this document.

² As of this date March 28, 2008, this document is in DRAFT form. If you are aware of any incorrect information or have any of the missing information, please contact Diane Collier at (503) 861-2450.



Date Lost	Year	Name	Kind of Vessel	Notes
May 4	1880	fleet of 200	butterfly fishing boats	200 lost
Nov. 1	1913	Kake	fishing vessel (PG)	
	1915	Eva	fishing vessel (PG)	
April 10	1917	Lenore	fishing troller	
	1918	Jupiter	fishing vessel	
	1925	Nemanosha	fishing vessel	2 lost
	1928	Columbia	fishing vessel	
	1931	Flora	fishing vessel	2 lost
	1940	Treo American	fishing vessel	
	1942	Eagle	fishing vessel	
	1942	Emak	fishing vessel	
Jan. 26	1944	Electra	fishing troller	
	1944	Donna	fishing vessel	3 lost
May 19	1944	29C 88221	fishing troller	2 lost
Feb. 7	1945	Republic	troller/shark boat	4 lost
March 25	1945	La Belle	troller	4 lost
	1945	Picaroon	fishing vessel	
Sept. 2	1945	Rudolf	fishing vessel	
	1946	Red Star	fishing vessel	
Jan. 31	1948	Rose Ann	fishing troller	4 lost
	1948	Sea Lion	fishing vessel	2 lost
May	1948	slvg ⁴ Marbet	crab boat	
Oct. 13	1948	29P 859	fishing troller	2 lost
July 22	1949	Ricky	fishing vessel	
	1949	Pasolento	fishing vessel	
	1950	Lucky	fishing vessel	
	1950	Seaport	fishing vessel	
June 3	1951	Mizpah	fishing troller	1 lost
Jan. 21	1952	Susan	cannery tender/crab boat	
	1953	Ida May	fishing vessel	
Feb. 16	1954	Intrepid		
March 26	1954	Flora	fishing troller	2 lost
June 6	1954	(unknown) ⁵	27' fishing vessel	1 lost
	1955	Maria B	fishing vessel (American)	
Sept.	1956	Doris J	fishing vessel/tuna boat	2 lost

¹ A fleet of small butterfly fishing boats was fishing at the mouth of the Columbia River when a sudden and an unexpected gale struck. It swamped the boats and more than 200 lives were lost. Only a handful of bodies were recovered from the wreckage which washed ashore during the next few days.

⁴ When being salvaged, this vessel was removed overland.

⁵ William E McGinnis was lost when this vessel capsized at the mouth of the Columbia River

Date Lost	Year	Name	Kind of Vessel	Notes
Sept. 2	1957	(unknown name) ⁶		1 lost
	1960	Bell Buoy	fishing vessel	
Jan. 20	1960	Sandra Lee ⁷	fishing vessel	1 lost
Jan. 12	1961	Mermaid ⁸	fishing vessel/crabber	2 lost
Jan. 12	1961	UTB 40564 ⁹	U. S. Coast Guard boats	total 5 lost on 3 boats
Jan. 12	1961	MLB 36454	U. S. Coast Guard boats	
Jan. 12	1961	MLB Triumph	U. S. Coast Guard boats	
	1962	Lively	fishing vessel	
	1965	Bear	fishing trawler	2 lost
	1966	Gary Denn	fishing trawler	
Aug. 21	1970	Seaway ¹⁰	fishing vessel	1 lost
	1972	Meteor	crab boat	
	1976	Betty M ¹¹	tuna seiner	no crew lost
	1976	Sloop	fishing vessel	
Nov. 15	1977	UTB 41332 ¹²	U. S. Coast Guard boat	3 lost
	1978	Elfin	fishing vessel	
	1978	Caroline	fishing trawler	
	1978	Silverside	fishing vessel	2 lost
	1979	Mildred C ¹³	fishing vessel	no crew lost
	1980	American Express	dragger	
	1980	Hei-She	crab boat	2 lost
May 31	1980	Sea Hawk ¹⁴	fishing vessel	1 lost
Feb. 23	1981	(unknown) ¹⁵	18' gill netting vessel	1 lost
May 2	1981	Dori-Lee ¹⁶	23' fishing trawler	2 lost
June 6	1981	Seaview ¹⁷	charter boat	1 lost
Nov. 29	1981	Midnight Express ¹⁸	dragger	3 lost



⁶ Albert Kangiser fell overboard and died from exposure.

⁷ Joe Rieneka lost his life when this vessel went down near Sand Island. There was one survivor.

⁸ When it lost its steering, the fishing vessel Mermaid called for Coast Guard assistance. Although three U S Coast Guard boats responded, the Mermaid and its two crewmen--Bert and Stanley Bergman--were lost.

⁹ This U S Coast Guard boat and its crew as well as the next two boats and their crews were all lost while attempting to assist the crew of the Mermaid during a winter storm on the Columbia River bar. BM1 John L Culp, BM2 John S Hoban, EN3 Joseph E Petrin, SNBM Ralph E Mace and SN Gordon F Sussex were the crewmembers lost.

¹⁰ Benson Rotsein drowned on the Columbia River bar

¹¹ Lost inside the Columbia Bar, the crew was saved

¹² While conducting night navigation training near Clatsop Spit, this vessel was caught by a breaking swell. There were seven survivors, but three lost their lives: BM3 Gregory L Morris, SN Albin E Erickson and BM3 Ray Erb

¹³ The Mildred C was from Newport, OR. She hit rocks and sunk inside the Columbia River bar, no crew was lost.

¹⁴ The operator of this vessel--Robert Unruh--fell overboard and drowned.

¹⁵ This vessel capsized on the Columbia River while gillnetting. One crewmember--Dan Kuter--was lost.

¹⁶ This vessel capsized on the Columbia River. Two crewmembers were lost--Dan Homeyer and Teresa E George

¹⁷ The operator of this vessel--Frank O Johnson--fell overboard after being hit by a large swell on the Columbia River bar.

¹⁸ One crewmember survived and three crewmembers--Norm Gisler, Jim Brewer and Pat Akines--were lost when this vessel sunk off Tillamook Head, OR.

Date Lost	Year	Name	Kind of Vessel	Notes
Feb. 11	1982	Fargo ¹⁹	fishing vessel	2 lost
	1983	Thumper	dragger	
	1983	Howard E	shrimp dragger	
	1984	King Silver	crab boat	
Feb 1	1984	Proud Mary ²⁰	60' fishing vessel	1 lost
March 21	1984	(unknown) ²¹	38' fishing vessel	1 lost
	1984	Marta	fishing vessel	1 lost
	1984	No Wonder	fishing vessel	
	1985	Leibling	fishing vessel	all hands lost
	1985	Ike	fishing vessel	
	1985	Cameron	shrimper	
May 2	1985	Bonnie ²²	40' fishing vessel	2 lost
	1985	Six Pack	fishing vessel	
	1986	Peggy S	fishing vessel	all hands lost
	1986	McKinley	dragger	1 lost
Nov. 6	1986	(unknown) ²³	small fishing vessel	1 lost
March 1	1987	Bad Check ²⁴	31' fishing/pleasure craft	3 lost
July 14	1987	Niki Joe ²⁵	26' fishing/pleasure craft	3 lost
	1987	Miss Dana	crab boat	
Oct 3	1987	(unknown) ²⁶	fishing vessel	2 lost
Dec.	1989	Peggy Ann IV ²⁷	crab boat	no crew lost
Dec. 14	1992	80' Kodiak ²⁸	schooner type fishing vessel	3 lost
	1989	Ambition	fishing vessel	1 lost
	1990	Apache Bell		
	1990	Wendy	fishing vessel/crabber	
Jan. 10	1990	Mr. Mike ²⁹	58' fishing vessel	no loss of life



¹⁹ Dick Cooley and an unidentified crewmember lost their lives when this vessel went down off Long Beach, WA.

²⁰ Wallace Gordon was lost when the vessel capsized off Leadbetter Point, WA.

²¹ Ron Gilliam was lost when the vessel capsized in the Columbia River.

²² Norman Green and Chris Martin were lost when this vessel sunk on the Columbia River bar.

²³ Bobby Nettles was lost when his fishing vessel capsized in the Skamokawa River.

²⁴ Corey Minnick, Terry Minnick and Donald R Stacy were lost when their vessel capsized while approaching the Columbia River bar from the north.

²⁵ Joseph Ackers, John Tucker and Nick Walker were lost when their vessel capsized in the Columbia River. There was one survivor.

²⁶ Mark Raz fishing from his boat off Hug Point, OR went to the assistance of a hiker who'd fallen off rocks into the surf zone. Both he and the unidentified hiker were lost.

²⁷ According to owner/captain Leo Bushnell, the Peggy Ann IV was lost in 10 fathoms of water 2 to 3 miles south of the Columbia River's South Jetty. The crew was saved.

²⁸ The captain Neil Mendenhall of Warrenton, OR was lost. His body was later retrieved from the beach north of Cape Meares. Broken pieces of the Kodiak were found on the same beach. Crew member Gene Schlappé of Netarts, OR and Aaron Lawrence, 10 years old of Rockaway, OR were lost and their bodies never found. Crew member Al Digerness was saved.

²⁹ While departing Chinook Channel heavily laden with crab pots, the vessel capsized forcing the crew to abandon ship.

Date Lost	Year	Name	Kind of Vessel	Notes
June 12	1990	(unknown) ³⁰	Soviet fishing trawler	1 lost
Jan. 2	1991	(unknown) ³¹		
Jan. 11	1991	Sea King ³²	fishing vessel	3 lost
April 23	1991	Ptarmigan ³³	fishing vessel	
	1992	(unnamed) ³⁴		
	1992	Timi Nicole	fishing vessel	
Jan. 3	1992	Caroline ³⁵	fishing vessel	2 lost
	1993	New Janet Ann	trawler	
Nov.(?)	1994	Fierce Competitor ³⁶	fishing vessel/crabber	5 lost
	1994	Osceola	fishing vessel/shrimper	2 lost
	1996	Ida E	fishing vessel	
	1998	Bon-Su-Mar	fishing vessel	
	2001	Miss Lorraine	fishing vessel/shrimper	
	2001	Ginger B	fishing vessel/shrimp, crab & tuna	
	2001	Blue Max	fishing vessel	
	2001	Amber Dawn	fishing vessel/tuna	
	2002	Cape St. James	fishing vessel	
	2002	Impulse	fishing vessel	
	2002	Karis	fishing vessel	
	2003	Taki Too	charter/fishing vessel	11 lost
	2004	Jaquar	fishing vessel/shrimper	
	2006	Silver Bear	fishing vessel	



The fishing vessel Star King recovered the three people on board the Mr. Mike.

³⁰ Voloyada Konyaknin fell overboard while the fishing vessel was moored at the Port of Astoria.

³¹ This fishing vessel's name is unknown. It hit buoy 10 and began taking on water, the personnel on board jumped safely to Buoy 10 and waited for pickup by MLB 44309. The wreck of the fishing vessel washed up on the beach near Seaview, WA on Jan 13, 1991. Document #270929

³² The fishing vessel reported its position near Peacock Spit, taking on water. Four NMLBS 44-MLBs responded initially. MLB Triumph took the vessel in tow. U S Coast Guard Cutter Iris and MLB 47200 provided escorts. MLB 47200 pulled four survivors from the water after the fishing vessel sank as MLB Triumph approached Buoy 8. Of the three crewmembers and four Coast Guardsmen on board, three individuals died: MK1 Charles W Sexton, David Lee Haynes and John Blunt.

³³ As the vessel was returning home across the Columbia River bar, it lost its steering and drifted into the Baker Bay Entrance Jetty. The bottom was holed and the vessel sank in Baker Bay. All three crewmembers were rescued by MLB 44309 just prior to the fishing vessel sinking.

³⁴ During the last part of February or the first part of March 1992, near Miller Sands in the lower Columbia River, this 18' aluminum skiff was capsized by the wake of a freighter. Both men on board the skiff were lost--Duane Ostling, 46, Cathlamet, and Verlen Bagley, 67, Longview, WA.

³⁵ This vessel capsized ½ mile south of the Columbia River bar on the morning of January 3, 1992. Two of the three crewmembers perished in spite of attempts by to revive them with CPR, both by U S Coast Guard EMTs and the hospital emergency room staff. Lost were Mark Larsen and Charles Dintelman. Surviving was Allen Larsen.

³⁶ Captain Robbie Simonsen, his wife _____, Gordon Young, Keith Young and Larry Jones all of the Warrenton-Hammond, OR were lost when the crabbing vessel went down in the fall of 1994

Date Lost	Year	Name	Kind of Vessel	Notes
	2006	Wild Mary	fishing vessel	
	2006	Catherine M ³⁷	46' fishing vessel/crabber	3 lost



(The Information from 2006 to the present is still being sought)

No Dates Available for When These Boats were Lost

1927	(Corey P) ³⁸	fishing vessel	1 lost - (Corey P ?)
	David	fishing vessel/shrimp, dragger	
	El Dorado		
	Finite		
	Freedom's Lady	fishing vessel	2 lost
	(Grant H) ³⁹	fishing vessel	crew lost - (Grant H ?)
	Jeannette (sp?) ⁴⁰	fishing vessel	all crew members lost
	Makaw or Makah	shrimp boat	
	Marian F		
	Marnanna	shrimp boat	
	Maud I	fishing vessel	
	MBS Angel		
	Mi Toi	fishing vessel/salmon, tuna, shrimp	
	Nina B	shrimp boat	
	Swiftsure	lightship	
	Tom & Al ⁴¹	whaling vessel	
	Western		
	White Chief	fishing vessel	

³⁷ Need information

³⁸ Corey P is the name of the fishing vessel or the name of the person lost when the vessel was lost. It is included here so we hopefully will get more information.

³⁹ Grant H is the name of the fishing vessel or the name of the person lost when the vessel was lost. This vessel from Newport, OR was lost north of the mouth of the Columbia River. It is included here so we hopefully will get more information.

⁴⁰ This vessel was lost north of the Columbia River's mouth.

⁴¹ This vessel was owned by Carruthers Brothers and was crewed by Frank and Evan Parker.



L
I
G
H
T
H
O
U
S
E
P
A
R
K
I
N
T
E
R
P
R
E
T
I
V
E
C
E
N
T
E
R

Deep Sea Fishermen's Benefit Fund

*Commemorating
the Lives & Work
of the
Deep Sea
Fishermen
who have fished
or are fishing out
of the Lower
Columbia River*

*Photographs
exhibits*

*Located at the corner
of Main Street and
Harbor Street,
Warrenton, OR
(503) 861-????*





Warrenton-Hammond Historical Museum



Where items
from our
community's
past are
preserved
for those now
and in the
future to learn
about their heritage

Photographs
Newspaper Articles
Clothing ~ Tools
Maps ~ Furniture
High School Annuals
and much more

Have a question?
Need information?
Trying to find a..
family, person,
house or place?

Give us a try!

Call or visit!

Located at the corner
of Main Street and
Harbor Street,
Warrenton, OR
(503) 861-2450

Warrenton-Hammond Historical Museum



Where items
from our
community's
past are
preserved
for those now
and in the
future to learn
about their heritage

Photographs
Newspaper Articles
Clothing ~ Tools
Maps ~ Furniture
High School Annuals
and much more

Have a question?
Need information?
Trying to find a..
family, person,
house or place?

Give us a try!

Call or visit!

Located at the corner
of Main Street and
Harbor Street,
Warrenton, OR
(503) 861-2450

Warrenton-Hammond Historical Museum



Where items
from our
community's
past are
preserved
for those now
and in the
future to learn
about their heritage

Photographs
Newspaper Articles
Clothing ~ Tools
Maps ~ Furniture
High School Annuals
and much more

Have a question?
Need information?
Trying to find a..
family, person,
house or place?

Give us a try!

Call or visit!

Located at the corner
of Main Street and
Harbor Street,
Warrenton, OR
(503) 861-2450

Warrenton Historic



about t

Photo
Newspap
Clothing
Maps ~ I
High Scho
and mu

Have a c
Need info
Trying to
family,
house o

Give u

Call o

Located at
of Main S
Harbor
Warren
(503) 861-2



Lighthouse Park Brick

The dotted outline below is the Actual Brick Size

7 3/4" x 3 1/2"

1 line = \$25.00, 2 lines = \$35.00, 3 lines = \$45.00

